

# Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

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### OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS IN ARLINGTON.

—Dr. Wm. A. Winn is rapidly convalescing, and will soon be about again.

—Rev. Dr. McKenzie, of Boston, will occupy the Baptist pulpit, on Sunday.

—The Monday evening parties at Utopia Rink are growing in favor.

—Spy Pond was skimmed over with ice again on Tuesday night.

—Mrs. E. A. Fisher advertises some first quality rye straw for sale.

—The event now on the tapis is the coming "calico party" at the Utopia Rink.

—Rev. E. L. Houghton, of Medford, will supply at the Universalist church, next Sunday.

—Mr. Jacobs would like to recover a valuable bundle left in the 4.20 train, last Tuesday.

—Rev. Lewis V. Pike, of Broadway church, Somerville, will supply Dr. Mason's place next Sunday morning.

—The usual Sunday school concert at the Baptist church will be held on Sunday evening, at 6.30 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

—The committee of the Musical Society have a few reserved seat tickets for the next concert, which can be had at fifty cents each.

—Next Sunday evening Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., will deliver a special discourse to the Bible Readers' Union, in the Pleasant street Congregational church.

—The officers of Arlington Lodge 584, K. of H., were installed last Monday evening. The lodge is in a strong condition financially.

—Judge Carter is still confined to his house, but continues cheerful under his enforced inactivity. We are pleased to notice, from enquiries at this office, how highly he is esteemed.

—The members of the Relief Corps and others had a busy day on Thursday, sewing for the G. A. R. Fair which is soon to be held. In the evening the fair committee had a special meeting at the same place.

—Arlington Skating Rink continues to be a strong attraction, and well it may. It is well managed in every way, and none of the objectionable features of some other rinks have been allowed to creep in.

—We were more than gratified at the playing of Masters Rice and Foster at the entertainment, Wednesday evening. The cultivation of this taste for solo instruments means pleasure for a wide circle. Before long there will be material in Arlington for a strong orchestra.

—The "Six Odd Associates," a name now quite familiar to the fun loving among us, have fixed upon March 4th as the date of their annual masquerade. This will give ample time to arrange for the grand success they plan and for the ladies to arrange their surprises.

—The Musical Society had their usual rehearsal Tuesday evening. At intermission Miss Gerlie Holt rendered a soprano solo (Mrs. Ware at the piano) with excellent effect and clear, strong voice, well deserving her hearty applause, and Mr. W. W. Rawson gave a pleasing and appropriate recitation, rendering the same with good effect.

—Cotting High School Alumni Association holds its annual winter reunion in Town Hall, next Wednesday evening. The committee desire that all members come forward with their assessments and secure tickets for this party, which they intend shall be a very pleasant and successful one.

—The usual monthly sociable at the Pleasant street Congregational church occurred last Wednesday evening, and was a pleasant affair, though the attendance was less than on some previous occasions. Supper was served at 6.30 o'clock.

—Our office was crowded last Monday evening by parties holding tickets for the Musical Society concerts, and nearly all the associate member tickets were represented. Those not able to come that evening will find their rights fully protected, as the committee has reserved two seats for each membership ticket sold.

—Thanks to the friends who have called the past week to renew their subscriptions to the ADVOCATE. To the gentlemen who have given us their names for the first time we are especially grateful; also for the words in praise of it they have been pleased to speak. The ADVOCATE is a good family paper for general reading and information in addition to its local news, correspondence and general editorial departments.

—Post 36 will hold the fair in aid of the Post and its Charity fund during the last five days in February. Nothing like lottery will be allowed. In view of this praiseworthy course, we hope citizens will be generous in the purchase of season tickets, and in their patronage of the tables.

—One feature of the G. A. R. fair will be a fair paper, to be circulated as an advertising medium. The least our merchants and traders can do is to give their business cards freely.

—There was a special meeting of the Mission Circle of the Baptist church, Wednesday afternoon, and an address was made by Mrs. Rev. C. H. (arpenier, of Bassein, Burmah, who is here on a visit, and is shortly to return to her field of labor. The address was of rare interest.

—The annual meeting of the Sewing Circle of Pleasant street Congregational church was held Wednesday afternoon, when the following officers were chosen: President, Mrs. A. W. Trow; Vice-president, Mrs. Warren S. Frost; Secretary, Mrs. George H. Rugg; Treasurer, Mrs. M. J. Wiggin. The past year has been an unusually successful one, a large sum having been realized by their fair, etc., and in other ways it has also been profitable for both church and society.

—The Sunday school concert at Pleasant street Congregational church was held in the church vestry, last Sunday evening. The rain interfered somewhat with the attendance, but a good audience assembled. The subject was "Praise," and Mr. Ned Mason aided with his cornet and Mrs. J. Herbert Frost and Miss Grace Parker gave solos. There were scripture quotations and brief addresses by Mr. Edwin Mills, Mr. John A. Easton and the assistant superintendent.

—The programme of the next concert by Arlington Musical Society has been issued, and certainly is one entitling them to a most generous support from the general public. The last rehearsals have shown marked improvement, and we feel sure that no chorus in Arlington ever rendered choruses as effectively as this organization, under direction of Mr. Clark. Mr. D. M. Babcock and Miss Alta Pease are the soloists engaged for this next concert, which is set for Tuesday evening, January 27th.

—The first in the First Parish church course of lectures by Rev. J. K. Applebee was given in the church, Thursday evening. Considering the state of the weather, the attendance was good. The lecturer first contrasted Thackeray with Dickens to show the broad humanity of the latter by contrasting the characters in their works, and then pointed out the striking figures in several of Dickens' works to substantiate his claim for his high genius. The lecturer is a fluent talker, had a thoroughly digested subject, has strong points as a dialect imitator and held his audience with the closest attention for an hour and a half. The second lecture will be given Jan. 29, when "Humbug and Humbugs" will be illustrated by extracts from the writings of Dickens.

—The vestry of the Unitarian church was almost crowded, Wednesday evening, on the occasion of the annual entertainment by the children, under direction of Mr. S. P. Prentiss. The usual stage was set, and before the curtain rose the following numbers were presented:—Overture by an orchestra (composed of Messrs. Prentiss and Bucknam, viols; Dr. Grant, flute; Mr. Lloyd, 'cello; Carl W. Schwarz, piano); Master Willie Rice, violin solo; Miss Esther Bailey, piano solo; Master Willie Foster, cornet solo, enthusiastically encored; several orchestral numbers, introducing a flute solo by Mr. Grant. Then the curtain went up on a series of charming scenes, entitled "The Fairy at the Fountain," and introducing a number of the young people in solo and chorus and pleasant dialogue. Miss Maud Frost made a charming fairy, both in dress and in song; Miss Helen Hopkins, as mother, was good in every detail; Agnes Damon and Mabel Pattee, as good and bad daughters, were handsomely dressed and proved good actors. George Leavens, as prince, had Willie Foster, Roland Hopkins, Fred Damon and Clifford Buttrick as retinue, and quite looked his part as well as sang it nicely. Gray Homer, as "boy blue" and Carrie Hunting as "boo-peep," were charming. The solo parts were all well done, in chorus the voices blended nicely, and the whole rendering was a great credit to Mr. Prentiss as a music teacher and director. Mr. H. H. Celley officiated as stage manager and general director, announcing the numbers in a clear voice.

—Rev. G. A. Staples lectured in Holyoke, Tuesday evening, the proceeds from which are to be used to aid a church of that place.

—The annual meeting of Arlington Orthodox Congregational church was held last Monday evening. The action of the Sunday school in the matter of its officers was confirmed, and officers for the ensuing year chosen. Mr. E. B. Lane declining to serve longer as treasurer, the clerk, Mr. Charles K. Crane, was elected to the double office.

### AT THE ARLINGTON RINK.

The attraction offered last Wednesday evening was enjoyed by a larger audience than any one expected, as there were two other entertainments that evening, and the floor was well covered with skaters. Master George A. Porter, who opened the bill, proved to be quite a graceful skater and introduced some pretty movements. Master Charles La Montagne, who afterward joined him, performed most of the difficult movements of the professional acrobat, while wearing skates, and each time landed on his feet, without a slip,—something really wonderful to one knowing how easily the rollers glide out from under the skater. The tumbling act which followed created lots of fun and secured an encore.

Mr. C. A. Jackson, Manager of the Porter-La Montagne Combination, is a graceful skater. He was on the floor Wednesday evening.

Lexington contributes quite largely to the attendance at the rink.

Messrs. Russell & Huse visited the Harvard Rink, Thursday afternoon.

La Montagne wore a pair of Utopia skates in his performances. There was no trick about the rollers.

Miss Jessie Lafone, whose coming has been anticipated some time, will certainly appear at the Rink on the evening of Jan. 24.

### OUR REPORTER'S WORK IN LEXINGTON.

—Service pipes of the water works are being laid on Hancock avenue.

—The "coffee party" by the Baptist church is set down for Jan. 28.

—Lexington Cash Store has sold out to a Boston firm.

—Rev. Mr. Applebee will deliver his first lecture in the Unity course Monday evening, Jan. 26.

—Hon. A. E. Scott presided at the meeting of the Appalachian Club, in Boston, on Wednesday.

—The officers of Post 119 were installed by Past Commander L. G. Babcock, Thursday evening.

—Dr. Lawrence is improving the entrance to his fine estate on Waltham street.

—The musical committee of the Unity Club give their entertainment this (Friday) evening in the vestry of the Unitarian church.

—Mr. David McKenzie is at his home in Nova Scotia, attending to his financial interests there. He is expected back in about a month.

—Dr. Grout, of Concord, will preach at the Hancock church, next Sunday evening, at seven o'clock.

—Mr. Joy was absent from Lexington last week on a business trip to Nantucket, where he established water works a few years ago.

—Mr. and Mrs. Tufts entertained the members of the Chautauqua class, on Thursday evening. Papers were read by members of the class and a pleasant and social evening was enjoyed.

—We are glad to hear of the improving condition of Mr. Greeley, who has been confined at his home for some time with nervous prostration, brought on by overwork.

—On the second Sunday after Epiphany services will be held in the chapel of Our Redeemer, (Episcopal). Morning prayer and sermon at 10.45 a. m. Evening prayer and instruction at 7.30 p. m.

—Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock, the third in the series of Sunday evening addresses will be given at the First Parish church. Rev. Charles F. Russell, of Weston, will deliver the address. Subject: "Salvation—from what?"

—The third in the series of evening sermons at the First Parish church, will be given next Sunday, by Rev. Pitt Dillingham, of Charlestown. All interested are cordially invited to be present. Service to begin at 7 o'clock.

—The next sociable of the Hancock church will meet at the residence of Mr. E. A. Shaw, and not at Mr. B. F. Brown's as stated last week. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will visit the World's Fair now being held at New Orleans, at the time set for the sociable, consequently the change.

—The holders of mite-cheats met at Mrs. A. C. Stone's, on Monday evening, and appointed a committee of their number to open the boxes and count the money. The result was a large contribution, mostly from the children, in pennies for the Woman's Home Missionary Association.

—The report of a death in the family of Mr. Albert Griffiths, in last week's *Minute-man*, was without the slightest foundation. The item came through legitimate channels, Friday morning, and was presumed to be correct.

—This week water has been let on at the residences where subscribers desire it, and it has proved to be all that was claimed for it in quality, force, etc. What a contrast this is to the fuss and trouble some towns have had to pass through in obtaining pure water.

—The annual meeting of Hancock society occurred last Monday evening. The following are the officers:—clerk, W. W. Baker; treasurer, George E. Muzzey; prudential committee, M. H. Merriam, George E. Muzzey, Bradley C. Whiteher; finance committee, G. W. Berry, B. F. Brown, F. O. Vaile.

—Many ladies of Hancock church have attended the annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions (of which they are an auxiliary), held in Boston the past week at the Mt. Vernon church. Quite a party went in Wednesday evening to listen to the address of the Syrian girl who has escaped to this country, and is now engaged in the missionary work, and who has proved to be a highly entertaining and instructive lecturer.

—The Baptist church sociable occurred last Wednesday evening, at the residence of Dea. Whittier, and proved highly enjoyable to all. Miss Carrie Whittier furnished instrumental music, Miss Ella Whittier gave a recitation, and there was singing by the company as well as pleasant sociability to pass away the time. It was the largest gathering of the season.

—It is our province this week to record a peculiar, sad and fatal occurrence at the home of one of our citizens. On Monday three young men, James Shay aged 20, Patrick H. Fitzpatrick, aged 17, and his younger brother, were engaged in a friendly game of cards in Mr. Fitzpatrick's barn. The game was rather against Shay, and his younger companions chaffed him somewhat, and some fooling ensued, the Shay boy striking Patrick Fitzpatrick a blow on the chest. Patrick simply remarking "Don't do that to me again," sat down with the cards in his hand, but instantly his companions noticed a strange look on his face and that the cards were slipping from his hands. They carried him out into the air, and one of them ran for the boy's father, but the boy scarcely moved a muscle and was dead. Medical Examiner Winsor, of Winchester was summoned, and decided the cause of death was violence, but it was so evidently accidental, the blow being given without malice, that no official action is likely to result. The funeral took place on Wednesday, and was numerously attended.

### EAST LEXINGTON

NOTES AND ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The notice which we gave last week that the examination of the Adams primary school would occur January 12th was an official one, but a subsequent change was made by the board, so it will take place January 20th, in the afternoon, and the Adams grammar in the afternoon of January 22.

We are glad Miss Hall was able to return to her labors Monday, as the school was closed four days last week on account of her sickness.

The famous "Pink Party" came off Thursday evening, January 14th, and a merrier party is seldom seen at the Village Hall. Barnes furnished the music and of course it was good. There were pink orders of dances, pink tickets and even pink frosted cake. The hall was tastefully trimmed with pink. There were any quantity of pink bows, and much of the costume was the very pink of perfection. All were well pleased who participated, and hope to join in another party soon.

Last Sunday night and Monday morning we began to think the words written in the fifteenth century true:—

If Crystemas day on Thursday be,  
A windy winter so shall ye see.  
Of wyndes and weders all wrecked,  
And harde tempestes strong and thyke.

The painting of Mrs. Charles Nunn's house reflects much credit upon the painters, Messrs. Flint & Bailey, and the former is now engaged in painting the Flint house,—even though it is the middle of January. Wonders will never cease.

The Band of Mercy met last Saturday afternoon. The room was well filled. Many interesting pieces were read by the members and the singing was particularly good. The Misses Wentworth and Smith sang "One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er," etc. Mrs. Spaulding and Miss Lottie Smith were appointed a committee to prepare an entertainment for the next meeting.



## MY LIFE.

My life to me is as a station,  
Wherein apart the traveler stands,  
One absent long from home and nation  
In other lands.  
And I, as he who stands and listens  
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,  
To hear approaching in the distance,  
The train for home.

## WILD NAN.

### CHAPTER I.

Judge Cobbleson, an eminent jurist—all judges are—among other good traits, warmly admired the truth. Every member of the Daniel Lamber Club, a social organization of two hundred and forty pounders, were always glad when the time came for the judge to entertain the meeting. The following is the last paper read by him:

Shortly after arriving in Arkansas, then a territory, I was appointed prosecuting attorney of one of the districts. Of course, being young and not over-wise, I was ambitious. Sometimes I would have to ride horseback fifty miles to discharge my duties. There is one occasion that I shall never forget. A new court house having been built in Shakerag county, I set out for that place as court convened immediately after the last claspboard was placed upon the roof. One evening as I was nearing the end of a tiresome journey—while riding along, wondering what so t of a boarding house it would be my fortune or misfortune to secure, a piercing shriek brought my horse to a standstill. I was frightened, for although the country was wild, I was not prepared for such a shock. Pulling down my hat which seemed to rise on the ends of my hair, I looked around, and was not long in discovering the cause of the outcry. A girl, with streaming hair, was on the back of a capering mule. The animal, without saddle or bridle, was lunging at will. The performance was taking place on the edge of a small prairie, and every moment I expected to see the mule plunge into the timber and kill the rider. It was not a time for surmises. Galloping out to the edge of the prairie, I made a dash at the mule. The beast wheeled and threw his heels within an inch of my face, and, at the same time, threw his rider. Springing from my horse I ran to the girl's assistance. She was up, though, before I reached her. She had fallen on a bed of grass and was not hurt.

"It is a thousand wonders you were not killed," said I, not knowing what other remark to make.

"Yes," she replied, "and it is a thousand wonders that you were not. Didn't you feel awful funny when you saw his heels reaching after your countenance?"

"I hardly had time to feel anything. Having so much business on hand yourself, I wonder that you noticed the compliment which your friend was trying to pay me."

"Ah!" she replied, "a woman is never too busy to watch the affairs of her neighbors."

"But you are not a woman."

"I am not a man."

"Of course not. I mean that you are only a girl. What is your name?"

"Nanny Harlin, but everybody calls me Wild Nan."

"I should think, too, that you have earned the title. Were you brought up here?"

"Yes, and brought down there," pointing to the place where she had fallen. "I don't live but a little way from here. Won't you please let me ride your horse?"

"With pleasure. Come, let me assist you into the saddle."

I expected that she would ride along leisurely and let me walk beside her, but striking the horse with the bridle-reins she urged him into a gallop. I shouted, but paying no attention to me, she dashed away and soon disappeared in the woods. Naturally I felt embarrassed. I followed in the direction she had taken, but darkness soon coming on, I lost the semblance of a trail and wandered aimlessly in the woods. After a long time, an age it seemed to me, a light gleaming away over on a hillside, stopped my rapid flow of profanity. Reaching the house, which I did for a wonder without encountering a dog, I was about to yell a lusty halloo when a man's voice, speaking far more powerful than gentle, arrested my attention.

"Where the deuce did you get that horse?" said the voice, and then, without giving any time to reply, added: "Be sent to the penitentiary, the first thing you know. Everybody don't understand your foolishness. Now, suppose that man should fail to find the house to-night, what will become of you?"

"What'll become of him, dad, that's the question."

"Look sharp, now. Don't give me any of your foolishness. Where were you when you first saw him?"

"I was on a mule."

"On a mule?" yelled the man's voice.

"Yep."

"What were you doing on a mule?"

"I was getting off 'bout the time he saw me. I was being flung by old Sap. I took some salt out for the mules, and while old Sap was lickin', I climbed a tree and got on his back. Then he ran out on the prairie and cut more monkey shines than anything you ever saw."

"Nan, education hasn't done you a particle of good. Been going to school ever since your mother died, and yet you don't know how to act."

"I'll be good, dad."

"No, you won't; you are going to give me all the trouble you can; that's what you are going to do. Now, I've got to start out and look for that man. Ten chances to one he'll never find the house."

Here I shouted. The door was immediately opened. "Come in, said a strong voice. As soon as I reached the door, a man stepped aside, saying as he did so, "Walk right in, sir. Nan, hand the gentleman a chair."

The man was pretty well advanced in years. The girl, whom I immediately recognized, was not bad looking. In truth, looking at her as she sat in the fire-light, untangling her long hair, I thought her face at times, when a wild expression melted into a gentler one, to be decidedly pretty.

"I don't know how to apologize to you, sir," said the old gentleman, when he learned that I was the owner of the horse. "In a more civilized country than

this, the freak of my daughter would strongly resemble a crime, but I am sure, sir, that she did not intend to inconvenience you."

"I didn't go to do it," said the girl.

"Hush, Nan," demanded the father. "Every time you speak, you make matters worse."

"Do not give to the subject another thought," said I. "The adventure, especially as it has had such a pleasant termination, is more than worth the trouble it has caused."

After an hour's conversation, during which time we became good friends over dishes of stewed venison and roasted bear, I explained I was enroute for Shakerag courthouse.

"Then you are fortunate, for if you had gone much further you would have passed it," said my host. "The court house is about three quarters of a mile to the left of this place. Have you something to do with the court?"

"I am prosecuting attorney for this district," I replied, giving my name.

"I am Dr. Harlin. Rather thinly populated country for a doctor of any pretensions, but having passed the best part of my life in a crowd, I have decided to pass the remainder of it in retirement."

Before bed time I had engaged board with the doctor. He made me promise that I would be patient with Nan. To this I agreed, especially as she seemed to be growing better and better looking.

"Good night," said the doctor, when he had shown me into a room. "Rather airy quarters, but fresh air is healthful."

### CHAPTER II.

If Nan's manners had improved as much as her looks, I don't know but I should have fallen in love with her during the first few days of our acquaintance. She was undoubtedly the most mischievous creature I ever saw. Watching her expressive face, ever changing under the influence of her revolutionary mind, I fancied that I could see her little plans of annoyance come to maturity.

One night, after a hard day in court, I went to bed early. I was asleep about the time I touched the bed. I was too tired to dream. I had not slept very long when I was awakened by something weighing heavily on my feet. Reaching for a flint and steel at the head of my bed, I struck a light. Horror of horrors! A skeleton stood on my bed. Springing up, I jumped into my pantaloons, grabbed my other clothes and finished dressing in the hallway. Then remembering my cowardice, I re-entered the room and lighted the candle. The skeleton was gone. It must have been a nightmare, but I looked under the bed. In snuffing the candle, I extinguished the light. Great Caesar! I heard the awful thing dancing on the floor. Striking a light, my terrible surmise was correct. There it was grinning and grim. I thought no more of cowardice, but with a yell, I rushed from the room. The doctor met me in the hallway.

"My goodness, sir, what is the matter?"

"There's a skeleton in my room!"

"Nan! oh, Nan!"

No answer.

"Nan, if you don't answer me you shan't have that candy-pulling. Nan!"

"Yep!" came a reply from the loft over my room.

"Come down this minute."

She obeyed deliberately. "What have you been doing up there? Hah?"

"I wasn't doing anything."

"Didn't you take that skeleton out of the box?"

"Yes, sir, I believe I did."

"Yes, you good for nothing thing. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Go to bed."

She had moved one of the loose boards and had lowered the skeleton by means of a black cord. I might have known that it was a trick, but when a man is scared, he doesn't take time to reason with himself. My nerves had been so wrought upon that I tossed nearly all night, unable to sleep; and at last when I did doze, I did not lose entire consciousness, but every moment expected to be aroused by a skeleton.

### CHAPTER III.

I had been nearly a month at the doctor's house, and the term of court was drawing to a close. By this time, Nan was to me perfectly beautiful; but gracious, her manners were as ugly as ever. The thought that I might possibly be in love with her had, doubtless, never entered her head. This was provoking.

One day when the doctor had been called to visit a distant patient, I decided to inquire into the state of Nan's affections—if she had any. When I entered the sitting-room after dinner, I found her reading a novel. An encouraging sign, evidently.

"What are you reading, Nan?"

"A book."

"Of course it's a book. Do you find it interesting?"

"It might be to some people, but I am not carried away with it. Tells all about a fool man that loved a fool girl, and, from the way they are taking on at present, I think they will soon be married."

"Did you ever think of marriage, Nan?"

"Well, it never kept me awake at night."

"Did you ever love any one, Nan?"

"I never lost my appetite on that account."

"Why don't you speak earnestly? This is a serious subject."

"Yes, too serious for me."

"Nan, I am in love now. I love you."

"Who told you so?" she replied, without exhibiting the least emotion.

"Come, girl, don't trifle with me this way!"

"How must I trifle with you then?"

"Oh, Nan, don't you see how I love you?"

"That's the way the fellow talks in this book. Why don't you write a book, and make the men say 'ah' and the women 'oh tell'! Take my left hand, please. I want to hold the book with the right one."

"Nan, you will break my heart."

"When?"

"You are breaking it now."

"Don't be foolish, Mr. Prosecuting Attorney."

"Is it foolish to love you?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Then I am foolish. I would rather die in such foolishness than to live and be wise. Oh, Nan—"

"I tell you I need my right hand. Oh, behave yourself. I don't love you. There now, go on away."

I had been kneeling at her feet. I arose when she said she did not love me. My hopes were withered like a mulberry leaf in November. Without saying another word, I left her and wandered for a time in the woods. "I will leave her to-morrow morning," I mused. "I shall say nothing to the doctor. I shall leave before day. I cannot bear to tell either of them good-bye."

I tried to appear unaffected when we met at the supper table, and I don't think the doctor noticed anything. We sat up unusually late, I in the hope that Nan would say something to alter my determination; but not a word, not a look did I receive to encourage me.

"Good night," I said, still lingering in the doorway.

Nan did not even look at me as she replied. "Good night. Hope no skeletons will bother you."

I did not go to sleep. By the heavy strokes of the great old clock in the sitting-room, I counted the weary drag of the hours. Five o'clock. I arose and dressed myself. Slipping out cautiously, I started toward the stable. The air was sharp and frosty. The moon had gone down. The morning star blazed. The stable was situated some distance from the house, reached by a path winding among the scattering trees and stumps of a semi-clearing. I had not proceeded far, when I saw a light on a stump. I drew closer and a chill seized me. What a light! Its beams came from a horrible grin. I was frightened, but I was determined not to turn back. Closes, and with my heart beating wildly, I stopped. Merciful heavens! The light came from a human skull. Then I heard a giggle that I knew too well.

"Nan!" I called.

She stepped from behind a tree and approached.

"Nan, what on earth is that?"

"A candle in a skull. I thought you would need a light."

"How did you know I was coming out here?"

"When you fed your horse late last night, I thought that you would attempt to leave early this morning."

"Attempt to leave?" I repeated.

"Yes, I knew that you would attempt to leave, but I shall not let you. Oh, Mr. Cobbleson, don't you know that I worship you?" grasping my arm. "If you were to leave, I should die. Come, let us return to the house."

The old doctor never knew of my attempted flight. He readily gave his consent to our marriage. Nan sobered down into the gentlest of women. One of her granddaughters is very much like her, but lack of opportunity prevents her from employing skeletons in the practice of her mischievous machinations.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

### Marvelous Mats.

The New York Mail and Express says that among the latest uses to which electricity is applied with remarkable success is in burglar alarms, through means of an invisible matting. Every opening in a large building can have an invisible mat, which upon the least touch will start a bell ringing that will not stop until the occupant awakes and turns it off. If desired the gas can be turned on simultaneously with the alarm, thus tully exposing the burglar. This matting is placed under the carpet, and, by means of a wire attached, sends off the alarm. The very servants in the house do not know where the mats are situated, and cannot cut the connecting wires. Any sized mat can be had to fit any opening, or they can be placed near a safe or any place where valuables are kept. Placed under the table or desk, an almost imperceptible pressure of the foot calls the servant or attendant, the waiter in the kitchen, the butler and coachman, respectively, from the pantry and stable. No sneak thief can enter a building or dwelling without starting an alarm immediately. A man coming home late at night steps on the mat; the gas is lit instantly down stairs and upstairs. He goes to his bed-room, presses a mat there, and the gas down stairs goes out, leaving that in his room lit. The surface of the carpet is not made uneven, nor does it wear the carpet in the least. The system has met with wonderful success, and many large dwellings on Fifth avenue supplied with it are as difficult to enter undetected as blowing up a safe when the cashier is present. At the dinner table the lady of the house calls a servant by a pressure of the foot, without sounding a gong. It takes only a few hours to equip a building. The plant costs from two hundred and fifty dollars to five hundred dollars.

### A Graveyard Within a Bank.

Few people are aware that the Bank of England contains within its walls a graveyard, but such is nevertheless the fact. The Gordon riots in 1780, during which the bank was attacked by a mob, called attention to the necessity for strengthening its defenses. Competent authorities advised that an adjoining church, rejoicing in the appropriate name of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, was, in a military sense, a source of danger, and accordingly an act of parliament was passed to enable the directors to purchase the church and its appurtenances. The old churchyard, tastefully laid out, now forms what is known as the bank "garden," the handsome "court-room" or "bank parlor" abutting on one of its sides. There is a magnificent lime-tree, one of the largest in London, in the centre of the garden, and tradition states that under this tree a former clerk of the bank, eight feet high, lies buried.—*Chambers' Journal.*

### An Experience of Publishers.

The editor of a country paper says with much reason: It is an experience of publishers that too many people are apt to think it matters but little whether the newspaper bill is paid promptly or not; that it is a small sum, and of but little consequence. This is not because subscribers are unwilling to pay, but because they are negligent. Each one imagines, because his year's indebtedness amounts to so small a sum, the publisher cannot be much in want of it, without for a moment thinking that the income of a newspaper is made of just such small amounts, and that the aggregate of all subscriptions is by no means an inconsiderable sum of money.

Only one in twenty-nine of the people of Italy subscribe for a newspaper.

## THE HOLY CITY OF RUSSIA.

### WHAT AN AMERICAN LADY SAW IN MOSCOW.

#### A Visit to the Kremlin—Surpassing Beauty and Magnificence of the City's Many Churches.

Nothing can be said of one's first impressions of Moscow who enters the city by train, and drives to his hotel through suburbs which are uninteresting and monotonous; the streets are dirty, the drainage bad, and the place full of vile odors, suggestive of cholera to those who pay their visit in July. The atmosphere is a great contrast to the pure, crisp air of St. Petersburg; but in neither city is the water fit for drinking.

Nearly all the beauty of the place is centered in the Kremlin, writes a Moscow correspondent of the Hartford (Conn.) Times, but three or four hundred churches are scattered throughout the city, and their domes, when not gilded, are ornamented and painted in bright colors; richness of coloring is one of the charms of the place, in which respect it rivals Venice.

One of the drives was over the turnpike road by which the French army entered Moscow, turning aside to Sparrow hill, their one elevation, we saw the glittering city from the place where the monarch general viewed his prize, before his bitter disappointment. How he looked for the expected attack, and seeing no sign of that, waited for the surrender of the city; then the puzzled emperor made his non-obstructed entrance into the deserted place. He saw from every old shop and inflammable place the fires break forth, which, as the engines had been removed and the prisoners liberated to fan the flames, raged for three days, leaving little of the city beside the Kremlin, which the French army fortunately succeeded in preserving. Their precious relics, and the enormous wealth of their churches, investments and precious stones, were all preserved, dozens of wagons carried them away to be hidden until the time of peace.

The Kremlin (the origin of the name is uncertain) stands in the midst of the city, a wall surrounds it with towers and high corner turrets. Its shape is triangular, two of the sides being each a mile in length; within the walls stand the winter palace, the tower of Ivan, the treasury, churches, monasteries, and other buildings pertaining to church and state. A staircase outside the palace is shown as the one which Napoleon mounted for his short and disappointing possession; and down the same steps, generations previous, an enraged people threw the false Demetrius, the usurper and murderer of the true emperor, one of the tragedies in which their history abounds.

We passed through many large and elegant state apartments in this beautiful palace, which were brilliant with gilding and rich marble, but when we reached the old part, built by Catherine II., we found the smaller rooms the most interesting; the walls and ceilings are frescoed in arabesque patterns and soft Oriental tints, and the rooms, like all the apartments of that talented empress, have an attractive and homelike appearance. Here we saw rare specimens of old embroidery, and a book illuminated and printed by Sophia, the sister of Peter the Great. Talent and industry seem to have been the characteristics of all the family.

One can not be a day in Moscow without realizing that he is in a holy city; he meets groups of pilgrims in the streets, carrying their bundles over their shoulders—not the pilgrims clad in gay shawls and with bright kerchiefs that we see in Italy; these are wayward travelers, their clothes the color of the dust. In the churches they fairly impede one's progress; men and women of all ages bow down with their foreheads to the ground to every picture and shrine, and each has to be kissed, while the religious crosses himself many times before every sacred object. One stands back at first, to make way for so much religious zeal, but soon concludes that each must have his turn, so closely do the pilgrims follow one another; they seem utterly absorbed, and go through the prescribed forms apparently unconscious of the presence of others. In all the churches there are tombs containing the bodies of holy men, and a little spot on the forehead is left bare for the pilgrims to kiss; the kiss is given to each saint with the deepest reverence, and also to each of the valuable, or rather invaluable, relics, such as a finger of St. Andrew, a drop of the blood of John the Baptist, pieces from the cross and one of the nails.

The church of St. Michael the Archangel contains the tombs of all the emperors up to the time of Peter the Great; then patriarchs governed the Russian church, but for the last 180 years the title has been changed for that of metropolitan bishop. In the body of the church lies the tomb of the Patriarch Philip, whom the emperor, John the Terrible, sent into banishment because he reproached him for his many sins; the little dark spot left bare on the forehead of this patriarch has ever since been kissed by all the emperors at the time of their coronation. In a side room containing most of the tombs lies John the Terrible, and by his side a son whom he murdered; the most costly among all the magnificent robes in the patriarchal treasury is the one given by this emperor offering for the murder of his son; the robe is literally covered with pearls, diamonds, and precious stones, making its weight to be sixty-four pounds. It is amusing to remember that the emperor made an offer of marriage to Elizabeth of England. She handed over the offer to one of her court ladies, who wisely concluded that a good home, with peace, was worth more than an empire under the offered conditions. Each patriarch had his own robe, also his crown and baton, and all were loaded with jewels. I did not know there were so many gems out of the mountains or pearls out of the sea. These robes are of cloth of gold, ornamented with figures of apostles and saints traced in pearls and precious stones, and sometimes velvet trimmings form a background to show more perfectly the beauty of the jewels. I remember a baton covered solidly with turquoise and rubies—a present from the Shah of Persia—and a large cross of immense diamonds, which had belonged to John the Terrible. A scarf is shown which is said to have belonged to the

pope of Alexandria, who was present at the Nicene council.

I despair of giving an idea of the beauty of the churches. The coronations all take place in the Church of the Annunciation, which was newly gilded for the present emperor. Standing in the center, one sees on every side a mass of gold and jewels, relieved by the deep, rich coloring of the paintings on the walls, the ceiling, and the large pillars. Figures in heroic size of saints, apostles, and prophets are set off by a glittering background of gold leaf; there are ornamented tombs, thrones for the czar, the empress, and the metropolitan, and gorgeous banners flying. Here is the picture of the Holy Virgin of Vladimir, which was brought from Constantinople, and is said to have been painted by St. Luke; miraculous powers are ascribed to it, and the jewels which adorn it are worth \$250,000.

I fear that I should discredit an exact account of the quantity of precious stones which ornament these churches had I not seen them for myself. There are rubies, sapphires, pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, in marvelous profusion. They are on every picture, and blaze on the priestly garments. Some are beautifully cut, like cameo and one emerald measures an inch and a half in length and an inch in thickness.

### The Coolies in Trinidad.

An Englishman who witnessed the recent riot among coolies in Trinidad says if it were the means of drawing public attention to the condition of the coolies in the island, and the manner in which they are brought there, it would not be such a subject of regret. He writes to the *London Times*: There are in the island about 60,000 coolies, including men, women, and children. It is much to be feared that some of them are induced to come by means of false representations. They are led to believe they are coming to a land where they will eat the queen's bread, do very little work, make plenty of money, and where they are promised the free exercise of their religious rites. One of these rites consists in making parades of various sizes and different grandeur, according to their respective wealth, filling them with presents, and flinging them into water sufficient to carry them away and destroy them, as an offering to their god. In order to do this they have hitherto been allowed to assemble together from the various states and pass through the towns on their way to the sea. The government, however, forbade them this year to come into the towns, fearing that they might create riots, as there had been some dissatisfaction among them on account of increased work and pay at the old rate. The poor, deluded creatures, not content with the rivers on the estates, tried to force their way through the sea. They were stopped by the police at the boundary and requested to turn back. On their refusing, the police fired. Eighty-eight were wounded and twelve killed; among them are said to be women and children. As they only had sticks they were practically unarmed, and as soon as the uninjured saw their companions fall they fled in great terror. The fact is that the rest of the population is afraid of the coolies, and so take these stern measures to keep them down.—*St. James' Gazette.*

### The "Smart Salesman."

"One night a sailor came into the store and wanted to buy a blanket. Of course he wanted a cheaper one than any we had in stock, and I was afraid my man—he hadn't been here long—would let him go. Not a bit of it. He marched him off to a lot of big horse blankets and pointed out their size and dilated on their merits. The sailor seemed pleased at the size and quality, but asked what the holes were for. 'Oh,' said my man, 'that's a new thing and very popular. You just get into your berth and pass this belt (meaning the surcingle) through those holes and fasten it round you, and it can't slip off. We sell lots of them, but if you don't like it we can cut it off.' The sailor did like it, and paid his money and left the store happy."

"Another time we had a pair of furred boots or shoes we could not get rid of. When, one day, a young man from the country came in and wanted something of the sort, my clerk brought out this identical pair. The customer was delighted, and tried 'em on, but they were so small they hurt him badly. My salesman saw the difficulty immediately, and was as ready as ever. 'Look here, stranger,' he said, 'what are you trying to do? You've got your stockings on, haven't you? The man admitted that he had. 'Why, these are made on purpose to save stockings,' said my new acquisition, 'we sell lots of them.' The gentleman from the rural district took off his stockings and his foot slipped in beautifully. He was tickled and took the shoes, paid for them, and went out well pleased."

Some day the smart salesman may prove too smart for his employer.

### Opium Smuggling in India.

A good deal of ingenuity is displayed by opium smugglers in the central provinces in running their contraband goods. In one case which came before the authorities last year, two and a half maunds of foreign opium were discovered stowed away in the saddles of two camels, and in another case five and a half maunds of the same material were found packed in vessels supposed to be full of oil. On examination of these vessels it was discovered that a tube running down the center of each was filled with oil, the remaining portions of the vessel being packed with opium. In both these cases the opium had been brought from Holkar's territory, and the smugglers were caught at Nimar while attempting to run it into the Bombay presidency. Despite the successful detection of the offenders in these instances, it is daily becoming a matter of greater difficulty to detect opium smuggling. The well-to-do importers of contraband opium rarely attempt to run the drug in person. They generally employ poor agents, such as grass and wood cutters, who are not often suspected, and to whom a period of imprisonment does not much matter; their employer in the meantime helping their families.—*Times of India.*

Just sixteen years ago the interest on the national debt was \$143,000,000 a year. It is now \$38,000,000.

## A STATE BALL IN JAPAN.

### CURIOUS SCENES WITNESSED BY A YOUNG AMERICAN.

#### The Decorations, the Music, the People Present, their Dress and How They Acted.

A young American describes in the New York Evening Post a ball given in honor of the mikado's birthday, at Tokyo, Japan, by the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Jonnye. The writer says the ball was held "at the splendid building of the Rokumeikan—the swell club of Tokyo. All the officers of the empire, the foreign legations, and a great many outside foreigners were invited."

"The club itself is a very fine one and the building will compare favorably with most of our home clubs. On the night of the ball, it was beautifully decorated inside and out. Outside, strings of colored lanterns hung in all directions and fireworks kept going all the evening, so that the uninvited crowd without had a fine entertainment provided for them. Inside, the decorations consisted of bunting and flowers, mostly chrysanthemums, which are now in full height of perfection and are of every imaginable shade and size. The music was supplied by the naval and military bands and was very good. The floor was excellent, and I enjoyed the dancing very much, although the space allowed for the dancers by the curious crowd of Japs was very small."

"I wish I could give you a good idea of the scene the ball-room presented, dressed with gayly-colored flags and filled with a crowd in which were mingled nearly all the nationalities of the world. It looked as I imagine some huge fancy fair or ball might, but then the people all had the advantage of being in their own costume, and carried them off better than any mere masquerade. First, the Japanese officers and gentlemen in gold coats—really very little exaggeration, for most of them had such profusion of gold lace that you could see little cloth, and this little was covered with insignia and orders as a rule. The four royal princesses, dressed in the new (revived) court dress, and were accompanied by six or eight maids of honor in the same dress. This court dress consists of loose crimson trousers, which are so wide that they look like a loose single skirt, and loose jackets of gorgeous material with tremendous sleeves; the hair is done in two broad flat plaits, which stick out on either side of the head and join in a single, rather careless twist which hangs straight down the back. Altogether, it is very ugly and unbecoming. Only the princesses and their train were dressed in this style. Many of the Japanese ladies wore beautiful European costumes, but they do not look well in them, having neither the height nor the figures necessary for them. The Japanese ladies dressed in their own ordinary style of costume of costly and beautiful material looked very picturesque and pretty, much better than their sisters in the attempt at foreign style, to my mind. Their dresses consisted of the ordinary kimono, made of elegant silk crepe of a soft shade of grey, with a simple white fichu at the throat and plaits of some soft white material at the feet, where the skirt separated slightly in walking."

"The Chinese minister and his suite in their court costume were walking gravely and slowly about with their red-buttoned hats and most elegantly brocaded silk and satin garments, looking for all the world as if they had stepped off the pedestal of some tea shop's sign. Koreans with high hats made of something which looks like wire gauze, Russian, French, and English naval and military officers, in handsome uniforms, one or two United States naval men, in plain blue with brass buttons, looking rich and well to me, compared with the scarlet coats and profuse gold lace, and a mass of undistinguished humanity in the regulation black dress suit, made up the remainder of the assemblage."

"All kinds of dancing could be seen on the floor. Some of the Japanese ladies and gentlemen had been practising for some weeks, and went through the square dances well. A few essayed the waltz, and one naval officer, with the faculty in dancing that seems to go with all naval men, got on remarkably well. One little Jap girl danced the lancers in good style with the regular Japanese clogs or—a rather difficult feat, I think. The Germans spun around, the French hopped up and down, the English walked sedately round each other, and the Americans danced. But the supper-room was perhaps the most strange and curious sight of the evening. The supper itself was very fine, being supplied by an artistic French cook, and consisted of everything imaginable in the edible line. The Japs swarmed about the tables like flies, and seizing a plate, would shovel upon it everything within reach, oysters, salad, ice cream, boned turkey, jelly, cold fowl, Charlotte de Russe, etc., and then elevating the plate to about the level of their mouths, cram the food down in an indiscriminate mass. As soon as they had eaten all they could possibly hold, they put the plate down on the floor wherever they happened to be and left it there. Champagne flowed freely, and the Japs seemed very fond of it, gulping it down glass after glass, and I saw one or two navigating the polished floor, among the empty plates with great difficulty."

"Many of the Japs, after having eaten all they could, filled their pockets with the most easily carried viands, doubtless for the ladies at home. We left a little before one o'clock to take the special train back to Yokohama, and so did not see the finish; but I imagine the Japs must have been rather tipsy if they kept on as they were going when I left the snapper room."

There are about 150 vessels and 800 Hampton boats owned in Portland, Me., which are engaged in the fishing business, giving employment to about 3,000 fishermen. The amount of capital represented in this interest is not far from \$2,000,000, and the annual catch of fish is of about the same value.

The present population of the world is stated at 1,204,533,973, of whom 7,831,080 are Jews and 370,879,066 are Christians. These figures leave 915,724,827 to be classed as heathen.



## HEALTH HINTS.

Hemorrhages of the lungs or stomach are promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patients should be kept as quiet as possible.

Sleeplessness caused by too much blood in the head may be overcome by applying a cloth wet with cold water to the back of the neck.

Wind colic is promptly relieved by peppermint essence taken in a little warm water. For small children it may be sweetened. Paregoric is also good.

A good way to remove impurities from the skin is to rub gin in the pores when going to bed and not washing it off till the morning, when a little cold cream is used.

For weak and inflamed eyes, take a piece of green copperas the size of a hazel-nut, put it in a pint of cold spring water and bathe the eyes frequently. If not strong enough use a little more copperas, if too strong dilute with water.

Plain hearty suppers, according to an experienced physician, are conducive to sleep, and, therefore, good things to go to bed on. He says, in the estimation of a great many people, such a statement is rank heresy; but in the light of science, common sense and experience, it is Gospel truth.

## Fighting the South Sea Islanders.

Letters have been received from Melbourne containing particulars of encounters which the Miranda, Captain Ackland, had with the natives during a six months' cruise among the South Sea Islanders. During her cruise she put into Havannah harbor. The schooner John Hunt was in port, and the crew reported that her captain had been murdered by the natives at Bushman's Bay. Hither, consequently, the Miranda went, where she was joined by the Undine, and both vessels took up positions favorable for covering landing parties. The natives assumed a very hostile attitude, and when informed that the murderers of Captain Hunt must be given up they attempted to spear the interpreter who conveyed the intimation to them. Three or four days were spent in vain attempts to bring the natives to terms, but they remained defiant, and assembled in large numbers on the beach armed with spears, bows and poisoned arrows.

After receiving due warning and replying that they would rather fight than give up the murderers, the Miranda opened fire upon the natives with two 7-inch guns, two 64-pounders and two Gatlings. Most of the natives speedily took to the bush, but a number remained on the beach and sent a volley of poisoned arrows after the Miranda's boat, which, however, did no harm. The Miranda's fire was kept up for an hour, and a large party of men were landed to destroy the village, but it was found to be so far inland that they gave up the task.

The Miranda afterward proceeded to Api and demanded payment of the fine imposed some months since upon the natives by Captain Dale, of the Diamond, for the murder of the government agent and two of the crew of the Lavinia. The surrender of Koro, the chief murderer was also demanded, but neither of these requests being complied with, a party of one hundred men was landed under Lieutenant Fisher. Thereupon the natives deserted the place, and the village was at once burned down and the plantations destroyed. — *London News*.

## A Young Doctor's Experience.

When Dr. Koch, the discoverer of several kinds of bacteria, or the germs of different diseases, brought forward the cholera bacilli, which he averred could not be mistaken for any other, the enthusiasm among scientists was so great that several students offered themselves as subjects for experiment, urging that they should be allowed to swallow the bacilli, to prove the truth of Dr. Koch's discovery, and to help establish the chance of cure.

Such heroism and willingness to sacrifice life to promote the science of the healing art has been not uncommon among medical students in all times. A still more recent case shows a physician not only offering to die, but really risking and losing his life to save that of another.

Dr. Rabath, a young physician in London, while removing the deposit lately from the throat of a child dying with diphtheria, applied his own mouth to the tube and sucked it out, as the last hope of rescue. The heroic sacrifice was useless in saving life. Both the child and the physician died within a few hours. But it was not in vain. Dr. Rabath might have lived unknown, as an obscure physician. But the story of his death was told all over the English-speaking world, and quickened men to unselfish heroism as with the sound of a trumpet. "A living man," said one writer, "he entered heaven with a living child." — *Youths' Companion*.

## The Ainu.

The chief object of interest to the traveler, in Yezo, the island dependency of Japan, is the remnant of the Ainu race, the aborigines of Yezo, and not improbably of the whole of Japan, peaceable savages, who live on the coasts and in the interior by fishing and hunting, and stand in the same relation to their Japanese subjugators as the red Indians to the Americans. A rough census of the Ainu, made in 1878, gives their numbers 12,281, and they are believed to be decreasing in numbers. The "hairy Ainu," as these savages have been called, are stupid, gentle, good-natured and submissive. They are a wholly distinct race from the Japanese. In complexion they resemble the people of Spain and Southern Italy. The hair is jet black, very soft, and on the scalp forms thick, pendant masses, occasionally wavy, but never showing any tendency to curl. The beard, mustache and eye-brows are very thick and full, and there is frequently a heavy growth of stiff hair on the chest and limbs. Their language is a very simple one. They have no written characters, no literature, no history, very few traditions, and have left no impression on the land from which they have been driven.

One dry goods firm in New York estimates that it is put in an annual expense of from \$17,000 to \$30,000 for samples of fabrics, with the postage, sent all over the country in answer to requests.

## How Gun Cotton is Made.

It is not generally known that there is but one place in the United States where gun cotton is manufactured, but such is the case. This is at the torpedo station in Newport (R. I.) harbor. In the manufacture of gun cotton the best cotton waste and the strongest and purest nitric and sulphuric acids are used for the explosive. The cotton waste, after it has been handpicked for the purpose of recovering the dirt and grit, is placed in boiling tanks, where it is allowed to remain for four hours. It is afterward subjected to a thorough washing and is reboiled. This operation removes all oily matter and leaves the cotton harsh and stiff. It is then dried in the rooms heated with the waste air from a drying box. After undergoing this treatment the cotton rolls up into snarls and bunches, and in order that the acid may have a freer access to it it is passed through a shredder and converted into a fluffy state. It is afterward exposed in an air-tight box for several hours to a temperature of 300 degrees, which practically deprives it of all moisture. From the air-tight box it is removed to the dipping room, where there are iron troughs filled with one part nitric acid and two parts of sulphuric acid. Into those troughs the cotton is placed, one bundle at a time, and allowed to remain about ten minutes, long enough for it to be thoroughly soaked. The acid is hand pressed from the cotton, which is then placed in covered earthen jars, where it remains twenty-four hours undergoing chemical transformation. In view of the fact that much heat is evolved during the chemical reaction, it is found necessary to place the jars in pots and surround them with flowing water, which serves to keep them cool. The cotton is now nitrated and is practically gun cotton, but the acid, still mechanically held, must be wholly removed or it would be apt to quickly deteriorate and become extremely dangerous. The charges, therefore, are taken one by one and placed in an acid wringer and plunged into a large tub which is kept filled with running water, in which a large wheel is rapidly turned in order to subject the cotton to a thorough washing. This latter process is continued till no acid is perceptible to the taste. It is then subjected to a still further washing and boiling in an alkaline mixture, this being necessary to remove every trace of acid. The cotton is now in long shreds and balls, which can be used or stored without danger, the process of conversion and cleansing being completed, but for military use it must be put into a more compact form. For this purpose the gun-cotton in charges of 300 pounds is thrown into a pulping tub, where, mixed with water, it is ground by steel cutters into a fine pulp. The grinding and breaking up of the cellular tissue of the cotton has made it more or less dirty, and it is necessary, therefore, to expose it to frequent washings in the poaching tubs, from which, after treating it with lime water to make the moisture slightly alkaline, it is drawn up into a large iron tank, where it is fed to the molds, which under a moderate pressure, press the water from the pulp and trim out cylinders of cotton about eight inches high and three and a half inches in diameter. These cylinders are then placed under a hydraulic press and exposed to a pressure of about 1,700 pounds to the square inch or about eight tons on each. The cylinders are pressed into hard cakes or disks, some two inches high and three and a half inches in diameter, with a specific gravity a little greater than water. They are then packed in boxes of fifty pounds each and kept in magazines for general use. Gun cotton is, from its great explosive power and the conditions of safety attached to its storage, superior to any other known explosive for naval warfare. — *New York Times*.

## Predicting the Weather from the Color of the Stars.

From the fact that the color of pure water in great bulk is blue, M. Ch. Montigny explains the predominance of this color in the scintillation of the stars just before and during wet weather. The luminous rays, he argues, traversing the air charged with large quantities of water are necessarily tinged with the blue color of this medium. The excess of blue thus becomes an almost certain means of predicting rain. This theoretic conclusion corresponds with the results of his observations, continued for several years past on the appearance of the stellar rays in connection with the state of the weather. During the months of fine weather in the present year blue has been much less conspicuous than in the corresponding months of previous years since 1876, when wet weather prevailed. It also appears that green, which had always coincided with clear skies during the fine years before 1875, has recently again become predominant. Hence M. Montigny thinks it probable that we have got over the cycle of bad seasons, and that dry weather and more normal summers may be anticipated, at least, for some time to come.

## A Chinese Poet.

Wong Chin Foo writes: "The New York Chinamen have a literary club called the Yuch Kink Whey (Monthly Improvement Society), meeting once a month to compare essays and poems, for mutual improvement, in the Chinese language, and prizes are offered for the best literary productions on themes given by the club. The essays are generally submitted to a good scholar who is not a member of the club. On Young Ming, the venerable Chinese consul, has been filling the office recently. On last Monday, when the society met, the first prize was awarded to Wing Sing, a Chinaman who keeps a laundry in Brooklyn, N. Y. The prize was \$40 and a bottle of Chinese wine. I am sorry I cannot do it justice, as I am a very poor poet, but in the Chinese it is really good:

## THE CUP.

The heroes drank in royal mood;  
The bubbles sparkle clear and good;  
And mirth dissolved each ancient feud.  
Fair cheeks as red as cherry's blood  
Shone brighter than the winter moon;  
Their voices rose in sad, sweet tune:  
"Too late we come and part too soon,  
In life's swift-ending afternoon."

The cost of the public domain of the United States, first and last, has been about \$650,000,000, not including the cost of wars with Indians, England and Mexico, or of the consequent diplomatic and other negotiations that have ensued.

## WISE WORDS.

Those sentiments of love which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

If I wanted to punish an enemy, says Hannah More, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and prosperous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

A man that loves his own fireside and can govern his house without falling by the ears with his neighbors, or engaging in lawsuits, is as free as a duke of Venice.

The highest point outward things can bring unto, is the contentment of the mind, with which no estate can be poor; without which all estates would be miserable.

The chiming of some particular words in the memory, and making a noise in the head, seldom happens but when the mind is lazy, or very loosely or negligently employed.

Seek not to please the world, but your own conscience. The man who has a feeling within him that he has done his duty upon every occasion is far happier than he who hangs upon the smiles of the great or the still more tickle favors of the multitude.

Cleanliness of person promotes health of body, and this in turn naturally begets purity of mind and moral elevation. Such persons are quite as much concerned in having the inner and unseen as tidy and as clean as the outer and the visible; they are pure from principle, not policy.

## Interesting Facts About the Presidents.

Mr. Cleveland will be the twenty-second President of the country. Of the Presidents, seventeen were elected and four—Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson and Arthur—succeeded to the office from the vice-presidency. Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams were elected by the House of Representatives in default of an election by the Electoral College, and Rutherford B. Hayes was declared elected by the commission selected to decide the disputed election of 1876. Seven of the Presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant—were elected a second time.

General Grant was the youngest of the Presidents when inaugurated, being forty-seven; Pierce and Garfield were forty-nine; Polk and Fillmore, fifty; Tyler, fifty-one; Lincoln, fifty-two; Van Buren and Taylor, fifty-five; Washington and Johnson, fifty-seven; Jefferson, Madison and John Quincy Adams, fifty-eight; Monroe, fifty-nine; John Adams and Jackson, sixty-two; Buchanan, sixty-six; Harrison, sixty-eight. Garfield died the youngest, not having reached his fiftieth birthday. Polk was fifty-four at his death; Lincoln, fifty-six; Pierce, sixty-five; Taylor, sixty-six; Washington and Johnson, sixty-seven; Harrison, sixty-eight; Tyler and Monroe, seventy-three; Fillmore, seventy-four; Buchanan, seventy-seven; Jackson, seventy-eight; Van Buren, eighty; John Quincy Adams, eighty-one; Jefferson, eighty-three; Madison, eighty-five; John Adams, ninety-one.

The honor of furnishing presidents has not been evenly distributed among the States, Virginia, Massachusetts, Tennessee, New York, Ohio, Louisiana, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania and Illinois furnishing all the incumbents so far. Cleveland will be the fourth President from New York—Van Buren, Fillmore and Arthur being his predecessors—and had Mr. Blaine been elected he would have been Maine's first contribution to the White House.

It is somewhat remarkable that no member of the United States Senate should ever have been elected to the presidency at the time of his incumbency. Disregarding the fact that experience in this body ought to fit a man for the high office, the people have ignored the Senators. The army has furnished a large number of Presidents, and with the exception of Hancock, McClellan and Scott, no military man nominated for the office has failed of election. Washington owed his elevation to his success in the field; Jackson's record in the war of 1812 was the wave which lifted him into the White House; and Harrison, Taylor, Pierce, Grant, Hayes and Garfield were the epaulets of a general before they were honored with the chief magistracy of the nation.

There are now two ex-presidents living—Grant and Hayes—and from March 4 Mr. Arthur makes a third.

## The Formation of a Deaf-Mute Race.

Among a number of memoirs transmitted to Congress by the National Academy of Sciences is a paper by Rev. Alexander Graham Bell upon the formation of a deaf variety of the human race. In discussing the marriages of the deaf, Professor Bell says it is evident from the records that there is a tendency among deaf-mutes to marry deaf-mutes; that this tendency has been continuously exhibited during the last forty or fifty years, and that there is every probability that the selection of the deaf by the deaf in marriage will continue in the future. "While we cannot at present arrive at any percentage," he says, "it is certain that the proportion of deaf-mute offspring born to deaf-mutes is many times greater than the proportion born to the people at large. Plans for the formation of a deaf-mute community have a number of times been discussed by the deaf-mutes themselves. A number of years ago a deaf mute publicly urged the formation of a deaf-mute commonwealth. Congress was to be petitioned to form a deaf-mute State or Territory, etc. The details, though quite impracticable, brought forward the fact that a number of schemes of somewhat similar character were in the minds of deaf-mutes in different parts of the country. Such a scheme is still favored by individual deaf-mutes, and may, therefore, be revived into organized shape at any time. A European philanthropist has begun the colonization of a tract of land in Manitoba by deaf-mutes. I am informed by a friend who resides in Winnipeg that about twenty-four deaf-mutes with their families have already arrived from Europe and have settled upon the land. More are expected this year.

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

### Fattening Food for Steers.

The most economical way of fattening an animal is the quickest way—that is, by liberal feeding of the most fattening food up to the point when no more food can be digested. When indigestion occurs then the food is wasted, and more than that, the food already turned into flesh is also wasted because the flesh is lost by the disorder of the animal. Care is to be taken, therefore, not to overfeed but to gradually bring the feeding up to the safe point where most good is done. One thousand two hundred pound steers may be fed: forty pounds of turnips or mangels daily, with ten pounds of hay and twelve pounds of corn, of mixed cornmeal, bran, and cottonseed meal in equal parts; as much straw may be given as the animal will consume, the waste will serve as litter. Comfortable bedding and warm stables should be provided. A gain of three pounds a day is the least increase that may be expected. The manure from cattle so fed will be quite rich. — *New York Times*.

### Bones as Fertilizers.

Henry Stewart sets forth the value of bones as a fertilizer in a very plain manner. They consist, when fresh, of 63 1/2 per cent. of mineral matter of which fifty-five per cent. of the bone is phosphate of lime, 31 1/2 per cent. of organic matter, chiefly gelatine and fat, and five per cent. of water. The organic matter contains 3 1/2 per cent. of nitrogen; the mineral matter contains from twenty to 25 1/2 per cent. of phosphoric acid and thirty to thirty-five per cent. of lime. The phosphoric acid and the nitrogen are the valuable elements, the former being worth, at six cents a pound, \$1.50, and the latter, at twenty-five cents a pound, eighty-seven cents; 100 pounds of bone, then, in a condition to be available, would be worth \$2.37. But bones, when whole, are only soluble in the soil. In moist soil they will decay and wholly disappear, only in so many years that it is necessary to reduce them to a fine state of division to make them useful. This is done by grinding them to powder or by burning them to ashes. The latter method is the cheaper, but the nitrogen is lost, and if the bones can be reduced to powder for less than the value of the nitrogen, the more costly method is the better. But in many cases it is impossible to grind them for want of mills, and then the burning becomes the only practicable method. This leaves the phosphate of lime in the finest possible condition to be as available for plant food as in the raw bone, or more so, because it is not held in an undecomposed condition by the gelatine.

### Starting Plants from Slips.

Peter Penderson, in the *Ladies' Floral Cabinet*, gives the following directions for the domestic propagation of plants from slips. Florists use what are called propagating benches for rooting cuttings when wanted on a large scale, as they usually are by them, but when an amateur, not having greenhouse facilities, wishes to root a few slips, there is no process that we can recommend better than what is known as the "saucer system," which, even at the risk of telling it to some of your readers who already understand it, I must again repeat, as there are no other plan that is so simple and so safe. Take any common saucer or plate, into which put sand to the depth of an inch or so. Then prepare the cuttings in the usual manner and place them in the sand close enough to touch each other. The sand is then to be watered so as to bring it into the condition of mud. The saucer thus filled with slips may be placed on the window sill and exposed to the sun. The cuttings must be fully exposed to the sun, and never shaded. But one condition is absolutely essential to success. Until the cuttings take root the sand must be kept continually saturated with water, and always in the condition of mud. To do this slips must be watered at least once a day with a very fine rose watering pot, and the watering must be done very gently, else the cuttings may be washed out. There is every certainty that ninety per cent. of the cuttings put in will take root, provided they were in the proper condition when placed in the saucer, and that the temperature has not been lower than sixty degrees for greenhouse plants and eighty degrees for tropical plants. By the saucer system a higher degree of temperature may be maintained without injury than by any other system of propagation, as the cuttings in reality are placed in water and will not wilt, provided the water is not allowed to dry out. Still, the tender slip, until rooted, will not endure a long continuation of very high temperature, and we would advise that propagation be done at such seasons that they may have as near as possible a uniform temperature of seventy-five or eighty degrees in the sunlight. When rooted they should be potted in dry soil, such as is recommended for sowing seeds in. They should be placed in pots not exceeding two and one-half inches in diameter, and treated carefully by shading and watering for two or three days.

### Farm and Garden Notes.

Some of our horticulturists have saved up a lot of tin cans, which they propose to wrap around the roots of small trees as a protection against girdling by mice.

Sugar is fed to the cows on a large dairy farm near London, England, it is claimed, with good effect. The sugar is scattered over the feed in the manger to induce the cattle to eat it all. It also improves the flavor of the milk.

Pigs are such cleanly animals that they will not soil their bed or eating place. But if the yard is well supplied with straw a good deal may be thus worked up into manure. This is necessary in order to save the liquid excrement which in large yards is apt to be wasted.

H. C. White, State chemist for Georgia, notes with satisfaction the increased extent to which cottonseed meal has been used as an ammoniator in commercial fertilizers, as he is of the opinion that the article furnishes a cheap nitrogenous manure especially adapted to the soil and climate of Georgia.

It is very difficult to grind corn until it is thoroughly dried, especially if it is ground in the ear, as is the practice with many good farmers. We have found that grinding of dry oats or barley one-third to one-quarter the bulk of

ears will make the whole much finer fed and lessen the injury to stock from the coarse particles of corn cob in the feed.

The difficulty with prickly hedges is that after they get to be a few years old cultivation around them is apt to be neglected, weeds and grass accumulate and these furnish a harbor for mice. In most old hedges there are vacant places caused by the gnawing of mice in winter. The mice bred in hedges are also destructive to adjoining grain fields.

Flax will grow on any kind of soil that produces wheat, oats, barley, corn or potatoes, but it thrives best on a mellow soil or one not too wet or too sandy. It also produces well on new timber clearings, especially where the timber has been burned off, wood ashes being an excellent fertilizer for it. Although in some sections it is grown principally for its fiber, yet it is said to be a profitable crop when grown for the seed alone.

While an excess of barnyard manure is liable to make an overgrowth of poor quality potatoes, this danger is lessened by drawing manure in the fall and early winter, so that it will be thoroughly mixed with the soil. With the average potato crop of the country yielding less than ninety bushels per acre, and highly manured fields yielding three to five hundred bushels per acre, it will not do to try growing potatoes without manure.

A correspondent of the *National Live-Stock Journal* writes that pumpkins are good food for horses, having an excellent effect on the bowels as a mildly relaxing food. The only danger is in their eating too many seeds. In feeding pumpkins to horses, therefore, it is advised to remove the seeds. The correspondent referred to says it is quite safe to feed twenty pounds per day to a horse. He has fed pumpkins, without the seed, to growing colts in the fall and winter, in warm stables. They are too watery to feed out of doors in cold weather.

The blanket should not be used upon a horse at all in the winter, unless it is used faithfully. The great trouble in its use arises in this way. When a team has been driven a few miles to market, or the same distance for pleasure, blankets or robes are put on, but when drawing logs to the saw mill, or doing other heavy work they are made to haul large loads a mile or two, and return at a brisk trot, then stand unblanketed while another load is being put on. Or perhaps while driving upon the road—sleighting good, speed high—a friend is met and half an hour is spent in talking, the horses cool suddenly, take cold, and the owner wonders how it happened. Do not accustom your horses to the blanket unless you cover them under all circumstances after being driven in cold weather. The blanket is of great benefit if properly used.

### Household Recipes and Hints.

How to take out mallow from white muslin. Spread the goods on an earthen dish, rub salt on the stain, squeeze lemon juice on it and put it in the sun. Keep the salt wet with the juice till the stain is gone. It will also remove iron rust. I have never known it to fail.

Beef fritters are nice for breakfast, chop pieces of steak or cold roast beef very fine. Make a batter of milk, flour and an egg, and mix the meat with it. Put a lump of butter into a saucepan, let it melt, then drop the batter into it from a large spoon. Fry until brown; season with pepper and salt and a little parsley.

Ginger biscuits, an agreeable variation of ginger cookies, are made of one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, two eggs, two heaping tablespoonsfuls of ginger, two teaspoonsful of baking powder; mix thoroughly and mold into small biscuits; bake in a quick oven. A little salt is required unless the butter is very salt.

Sago custard, which is both nourishing and palatable, is made by soaking two tablespoonsfuls of sago in a half pint of cold water for an hour and a half, then boil it in the same water until it looks clear, then add a tumbler of sweet milk, let this boil for a minute or two, add sugar to your taste, and when you remove it from the fire add one well-beaten egg, and flavoring to your taste.

The dying leaves of the rose geranium, i. e., those beginning to turn yellow, if picked and stuffed into the old envelopes that circulars have come in, will make little scent sachets that grow so numerous in time as to be tucked into all the drawers and clothes presses, until the entire house is sweet with perfume. Not that there is any apparent sweetness in circular envelopes, but they are ready prepared with mucilage which has not been used, and so it takes but a turn of the hand to fill one with leaves and stick it down tight, so the leaves, when they become dry, will not scatter out. Try this. — *Kitt Clover, in Western Plowman*.

A novelty in pancakes is made in this way: To two eggs allow two ounces of flower, a little salt, and milk enough to make a batter of medium thickness. Beat the eggs until they are very light before adding the flour; put a lump of butter into a saucepan and then pour in enough batter to make one large cake; put in just enough to cover the bottom of the pan nicely, as the cake should be so thin that it will not need to be turned. When the pancake is done, sprinkle powdered sugar over it and roll it up; put on a hot plate and when you have three or four done send them to the table. To make these cakes very delicate flavor them with a little lemon. A little thick raspberry jam may be rolled in them if you please.

### A Year's Shoemaking.

As the result of one year's manufacturing, our people required, for 1876, 6,831,661 sides of sole-leather, 21,147,656 sides and skins of upper-leather, beside leather sold by weight to the amount of 32,960,614 pounds. This supply was sufficient to make 125,488,511 pairs of boots and shoes, or a little more than two pairs each for every man, woman and child in the United States. One such place as Lynn would perhaps require for weekly supply the slaughter of four thousand cattle, ten thousand goats, fifteen thousand sheep, the manufacture of fifty thousand yards of cotton cloth, nearly a ton of silk and thread of every kind, two or three tons of nails and tack, beside general supplies of every description which enter into the composition of shoes. — *Harper's Magazine*.

## SELECT SIFTINGS.

It was in olden times customary to ratify an agreement with a bent coin.

There are evidences that copper mines were worked in this country by the mound builders. The first copper mines worked in the United States were chiefly in New Jersey and Connecticut.

The earthworm, some beetles and certain savage tribes of men swallow earth, but this is for the organic matter which the earth contains, as no animal is produced immediately from inorganic matter, so no animal can be sustained by it.

Extremes sometimes meet. In China a dog thief is beheaded, but the man who steals a million can be but slightly punished, and usually runs away to Corea. In the United States a horse thief is lynched, and an absconding bank cashier goes to Canada.

As a rule muscles are white in cold-blooded animals, and red in the warm-blooded. They are white in all the invertebrates, fishes and reptiles, except salmon, sturgeon and shark, and red in birds and mammals, except in the breast of the common fowl and the like.

There are 89,000 widows in India from three to five years of age who will never again be married. In that country as soon as a child is born a match is made by the parents. If the boy dies the girl becomes a widow, and must wear mourning for her intended as long as she lives.

The sacred cattle of India are represented in Texas, two lots having been imported into that State six or eight years ago. There Brahma cows, as they are called, are in great demand. They are of a rich cream color, while the males have a prominent hump on the shoulder.

The signal officer on the summit of Pike's Peak says the highest velocity of the wind ever recorded there was 110 miles per hour, when the instrument broke and cordwood began flying down the mountain. The guide adds that seventy-five miles per hour would lift a mule out of the trail.

During the 300 years between A. D. 14 and 313 the Roman empire had fifty-seven rulers. Of these twenty-three were assassinated, one was poisoned by his wife, three were killed by their own soldiers, five killed themselves, one was strangled, one was captured by the enemy and flayed alive, one died of plague, and two or three were formally executed.

In Queen Elizabeth's time, in England, red, yellow and black hair dyes were in common use, the first, perhaps, in compliment to the queen, whose natural hair, seldom seen, was reddish in hue. She herself possessed eighty wigs of various colors. The demand for hair at this time was so large that children were often allured into corners and sheared; even the sanctity of the grave was not respected, and the dead were robbed of their hair. The fashion of dyeing the hair was by no means confined to women; men commonly died their beards.

### Queer Things in Pawn.

A well-dressed man entered a Market street pawn shop last night, and quietly putting his hand to his mouth took out a full set of teeth, bound together with a plate of solid gold. After he had rubbed them on his handkerchief he handed them shyly to the clerk, and said in a stage whisper:

"Five dollars."

The clerk handed the man the money and a ticket, and he slipped quietly out of the door.

"That man's been here three times today," said the clerk. "The first time he left a watch and chain. The second time he left his diamond stud and ring. I've advanced him money on his false teeth before. He's a poker player. He'll be back for the teeth and the other things Monday or Tuesday."

"Do you usually lend money on false teeth?" was asked.

"No, not often. Some pawnbrokers do. A couple of medical students used to come here who got hard up about once a month. Once they had pawned all their spare clothing and all their jewelry and books and instruments. A couple of nights after they came here with a long bundle wrapped in a gossamer coat. They told me they wanted \$10 very badly. I opened the long bundle and found a human skeleton. All the bones were strung on silver wire. Knowing them well I let them have the money and carried the skeleton upstairs in the storeroom, where it stood in the corner for a month before they came after it. Several times I've had women try to pawn babies. It's a common thing for men to come in here on bitter cold days and take off their overcoats and pawn them. A handsome young woman walked in here this morning and, taking off a sealskin sacque, pawned it for \$1." — *Philadelphia Times*.

### Georgia's Gold Mines.

The story of gold mining in Georgia is one of peculiar interest, says a Dahlonga (Ga.) letter. Gold was first discovered in Cherokee purchase, within three miles of Dahlonga, in 1839, by Benjamin Parks, who now lives in that neighborhood. This and other discoveries led to a rush of people to that place. After the territory was surveyed and drawn for by lottery and settled up by an intelligent population, it was discovered that other valuable metals and minerals extended over a large area from Alabama to North Carolina. It is a settled fact that gold, silver, copper, nickel, mica, corundum, marble, granite, soapstone, slate, manganese and stone coal exist in rich quantities. In many localities iron, coal and marble are extensively mined. The granite and marble quarries are extensive. The copper and nickel belts extend from North Carolina to Alabama, and have been partially developed.

Gold veins and deposits have been found principally in the northeastern part of the State, and are worked extensively in the counties of Union, White, Lumpkin, Dawson and Cherokee. Many hundreds of thousands of dollars are invested in mines and fixtures. Many of the mines are yielding a large profit on the capital invested. Within a radius of seven miles around Dahlonga there are now in running order twenty gold quartz crushing mills, with an aggregate number of 400 stamps, with capital invested in land, machinery and apparatus of over \$500,000. A movement is now on foot to secure the reestablishment of the United States mint here.



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## At the State House

On Monday the several committees were announced in the Legislature. Our Senator, Hon. A. E. Scott, has a place on the Judiciary committee of the Senate and is chairman of the joint committee on cities; Samuel J. Elder, Esq., in the House, is given the head of the committee on Bills in the Third Reading; and Mr. Wood, of Bedford, was assigned a place on the joint committee on Agriculture. Our friend Marden, ex-speaker of the House, naturally receives important chairmanships, and Judge Wells, so well known here, bears exceptional honors.

A resolution was introduced asking our delegation in Congress to exert themselves to place Gen. Grant on the retired list, and referred to the committee on federal relations, by a blunder of the mover, but the resolution will not be buried in the committee.

The committees are smaller in both branches than ever before, and it is the conviction of all that this will really expedite business.

Among the orders adopted in the House are those looking to the prevention of the sale or distribution of liquor within a fixed distance of polling on election day; to the removal of all payment of taxes as a qualification for voting; and to fortnightly payment of operatives.

The whole matter of fair lotteries is likely to be overhauled, as the officers have proceeded with the prosecution of the G. A. R. officers at Stoughton, and to their defense have rallied large numbers of influential officials and private citizens. That the laws against lotteries and gambling will not be repealed, we are quite confident. Not only that, but these discussions will only tend to draw the lines more closely than ever before. And well they may, for what is this defence of these unlawful schemes but a lowered moral tone due to the winking at these gambling enterprises because the money obtained was devoted to good and even noble purposes? It is thus that evil always obtains a foothold.

Mr. Warren W. Rawson, one of Arlington's highly successful garden farmers, has for several years devoted much time to seed culture. Some months ago he purchased the business of Everett & Gleason, at 34 South Market street, Boston, and formed a co-partnership under the name of W. W. Rawson & Co., for the carrying on of the seed business on an extended scale. Retaining the experienced help at that well known seed store, and bringing to it his own push and enterprise as well as practical knowledge of seeds as a grower of vegetables, a large trade seems assured from the outset, which must grow to extensive proportions with proper management and ordinary good luck. Mr. Rawson will be pleased to see his friends and all parties wishing seed at 34 South Market street.

The growth of some of our Western cities is something truly wonderful, and in no case more so than Minneapolis, "the queen city of the north-west," as it is proudly called. One of our many friends in that city sends us the Jan. 1 issue of the Daily Tribune, made up of twenty-four pages about the size of the Boston Journal, crowded with a record of the growth of the city during the year and an outline of the future. As this is but one chapter in the nation's growth, and is so truly the natural fruit of New England thrift and energy, we of this section can but mark her brilliant progress with unalloyed pleasure.

On Wednesday the U. S. Senate passed the bill, 49 to 9, to place Gen. Grant on the retired list with his old rank and pay. This is a matter of the simplest justice and should be accomplished by an unpartisan vote. That the House will concur in this action during the present session is anticipated by several well posted Washington correspondents.

Watertown people are discussing the matter of having the Public Library open on Sundays.

The Boston Horse Railroad presidents are still struggling with the Washington street blockade problem.

## On the Watch.

Mr. George W. Austin, Arlington's superintendent of streets, keeper of the Alms House and superintendent of the water works, is not so busy in these various employments but what he finds time to actively engage in benevolent enterprises of various kinds. Probably no one has contributed so largely of time and money to make permanent the Methodist society at Arlington Heights, or has been so indispensable factor in the social elements going into the make-up of this success. Desiring to give expression to their appreciation of his labors and their friendship for him, a plan to surprise him on his birthday was laid some time ago and carried out most pleasantly last Monday evening, at the Alms House. A company of between 80 and 90 gathered at Brattle station to meet those coming to that point on the 8.10 train, and in a few moments the line of march was taken up, all moving as silently as possible. Mr. Jacob F. Hobbs, of the Selectmen, rang the bell at the side door, and Mr. Austin appeared. The surprise to him was evidently complete, but he extended a cordial welcome to all, and turned the house over to the besiegers, "by and with the consent of the Selectmen," recorded by the clerk. Mr. Mann, took his seat at the organ and played the accompaniment to a parody sung by Mr. and Mrs. Baird, in praise of "Hotel Austin." A little time was spent socially, and then Prof. Dorchester, pastor of the church at Arlington Heights, stepped to the centre of the room and addressed Mr. Austin in a pleasant strain, referring to his labors in behalf of others, the appreciation of them by the recipients of his favors, and said they in their turn were determined to know how much more blessed it was to give than to receive. Some pleasantries on putting a "watch" on his movements were followed with a more serious strain, and then he handed Mr. Austin a handsome gold watch and chain, in a rich case, and asked his acceptance of it as a token of respect and esteem from those present. In response Mr. Austin returned his thanks in words better chosen than is sometimes the case, though his manner and look were more eloquent than any words. Before he had time to recover from his surprise, Mrs. Lewis came forward with an elegant bouquet for the ladies, and Mrs. Randall followed with a handsome glass set, a present to Mrs. Austin from Mrs. J. A. Marden and Mrs. H. D. Durgin. A neat poem, written especially for this occasion by Mrs. I. F. Swett, was read by her, and warmly applauded by the company. These ceremonies over, busy hands set to work at the tables in the large dining room and loaded them with the contents of the baskets. Then about one-half of the company were seated to enjoy the same, and afterwards the balance of the company fared equally well. Altogether it was a pleasant social time, well planned and excellently carried out, reflecting credit on all concerned. The watch is an open-faced gold Waltham, with plain twist-link chain, from the well-known establishment of Harrington & Freeman, 59 Court street, Boston. On the inside of the case is the inscription "Presented to George W. Austin by his friends, Jan. 12, 1885." It is a watch any one might feel proud of being the owner, and the circumstances under which this was given and the long list of contributors, must make it of inestimable value to Mr. Austin. Soon after eleven o'clock Mr. Clarke's barge came to convey a load to their homes at Arlington Heights, and soon after the balance dispersed and the usual quiet prevailed at the Town Farm.

Gen. Grant has survived both of his Vice-Presidents, Hon. Schuyler Colfax having died almost instantly in the depot at Mankato, Minn., on Wednesday, while on his way to fill a lecture engagement. He was born in N. Y. City in 1823, but early made his home in the West, from which section he was sent to Congress, and filled the Speaker's chair three terms, and then was elevated to the Vice-Presidency. Originally he was a journalist and preferred to rank as such after his retirement from public life. Henry Wilson, who succeeded him in the Vice-Presidency, died in office in November, 1875.

The new Mayor of Somerville has been sadly bereaved by the death of his wife. The Aldermen passed appropriate resolutions and voted to attend the funeral, which occurred Thursday afternoon.

It is of small consequence, but proof of the charges against St. John seem to touch him quite nearly. Certain it is the cause of temperance suffered a wicked stab at his hands.

The promise of this morning is for a vigorous slice of old winter. We certainly hope the cold weather will continue until a good crop of ice is harvested.

The attractions at Utopia Skating Club Rink, Arlington, for next week, are quite unusual.

## Bust of Samuel E. Sewall.

This latest contribution to the Cary Library, of Lexington, is the gift of Mrs. Ellen A. Stone, of East Lexington, and rests upon a neat oak bracket placed on the wall near the bust of Gen. Bartlett. Directly beneath the bust is a polished brass plate bearing the following lines contributed by the poet John G. Whittier:—  
Like that ancestral judge who bore his name  
Faithful to Freedom and to Truth he gave  
When all the air was hot with wrath and blame,  
His youth and manhood to the fettered slave.  
And never woman in her suffering, saw  
A helper, tender, wise and brave, as he,  
Lifting her burden of unrighteous law  
He slaved the host of ancient chivalry  
Senseless as light that melts the darkness is,  
He wrought as duty led, and honor bid.  
No trumpet heralds victories like his,  
The unselfish worker in his work is hid.  
John G. Whittier.

The bust is executed in Carrara marble, by Miss Anna Whitney, of Boston, and is certainly a fine piece of work. Mr. Sewall who doubtless enjoys this honor because of his deep interest in all that pertains to the rights of women, was born in Boston, Nov. 9, 1798 and graduated at Harvard College in 1817, bearing a part in the commencement exercises. He was one of the first to enter the Harvard Law School, then just established, and on graduation from that school became a lawyer in Boston, where he has ever since had his office.

In the infancy of the anti-slavery agitation he espoused the cause advocated by Garrison and others, though more conservative in his ideas than the great leader, and acted with the Republican party when it was formed. He has been a life-long friend of Whittier, Wendell Phillips, and other well-known philanthropists who have held his character in the highest esteem.

In 1852 he was chosen a member of the Mass. Senate, but felt obliged to decline serving for a second term as was desired, because of the pressure of private business. During this brief legislative experience, however, he drove the entering wedge for woman's rights by introducing a bill giving married women the right to be the legal owner of her own property.

Though retiring from the political field, he devoted much time to aiding and formulating measures to improve the legal condition of woman, his objective point being always to secure her full rights in the enjoyment of suffrage. The various advance steps already taken have been due largely to him, and not one of all the names familiar as petitioners in behalf of woman's rights or advocates of them before committees of the legislatures or before mixed audiences, is more familiar than that of Hon. Samuel E. Sewall.

The weather of Monday could well be entered near the head of a list of curiosities in that direction, drying rain, sunshine, hail storms and showers, followed by a clear, cold evening.

## ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS.

### WEST MEDFORD.

There are two or three dwellings now in process of erection which are deserving more than a passing notice, though they have been mentioned in these notes before. The first is that of Mr. J. L. Gooch, on the corner of Brooks and Irving streets. The approaches to it from the main street through the village are up quite a rise, and the view from a point near the station is quite grand. On the side toward a northwesterly direction the land slopes off quite rapidly, and overlooking that Mr. G. has built what I may call a verandah, from which he obtains quite an extensive view of the village, the Brooks estate, and even of a part of Arlington. In the summer season a splendid vision of sunset scenes can be had, and no doubt it will be a favorite resort for his family, as not only will they be able to obtain some views of landscape and sky there, but enjoy the cooling breezes which come from the heights of Arlington.

Another is the one now in process of erection at the corner of High and Cottage streets, by Mr. Delano. Though not on so sightly a situation as the last mentioned one, from present appearances it promises to be an ornament to the village, as its height and other dimensions are in keeping. Its proportions are good, and we congratulate its owner and builder on the good effect it will doubtless produce when completed.

Another large and roomy double house worthy of mention is that of Mr. Ham, on Brooks street. This, also, evidently, will be a credit to all concerned in its construction, as will be also that of Mr. G. F. Spaulding, on Harvard avenue, and that of Mr. H. B. Leavitt, on Boston avenue. It is useless to disguise the fact that we are increasing fast, and shall still faster if we are not checked by unjust burdens being put upon us.

It is proposed to form a singing club, to be under the conductorship of Mr. Willis Clark, and a meeting for that purpose will be held this (Friday) evening at the vestry of the Congregational church. It is proposed to spend the evening in chorus singing and to discuss the feasibility of forming a singing club. That such an organization would be of great advantage and benefit, especially to the young, will be readily conceded. Mr. Clark has a plan to propose as to the management of the club, which would include the giving of a course of concerts in connection with the rehearsals. As the attendance at this meeting may fairly be taken as an indication of the amount of interest which is felt by our people, it is earnestly hoped that there will be a large attendance.

The wall surrounding the lot of land donated by Mr. Brooks to be added to the railroad

grounds is now being removed, but whether the row of evergreen trees is to be removed is not yet known. A part of them, perhaps, may be allowed to remain and not detract from the beauty of the surroundings. It is understood that no change is to be made in the general outside appearance of the new station, unless a tower is added, which has not been decided upon.

Miss Mary Soule will occupy the rooms on High street recently used as a barber's saloon as dressing rooms, and it is hoped she will be successful in this new venture.

The meeting in Medford a week ago, to devise plans to meet the organized effort to create a new town out of its territory embraced within the limits of what is known as West Medford, was largely attended and full of interest, and the Boston dailies devoted a large space to a report of it.

There are a good many towns to be separated, but West Medford happens to be at the bottom—*Medford Mercury*.

When the chairman of the committee on towns turned the pile over, to begin at the beginning, to and behold, West Medford was alarmingly near the top.

Rev. Mr. Hood's subject next Sunday will be "The Gospel in the Acts."

By invitation of the executive committee of the Congregational society, Mr. P. D. Richards, of West Medford, will deliver his lecture upon "The Electric Light, and Kindred Topics," in their vestry, on Tuesday evening, January 21st, at eight o'clock. The lecture is complimentary, and all interested in this subject are invited to be present.

The Mercury's attempt to distract attention from the real point at issue will not avail. The West Medford tax payers contributed \$15,292 in 1883, and in 1884 this amount was swelled to more than \$25,000. These facts are capable of verification, and cannot be talked away.

On Wednesday evening a sociable and entertainment was held at the Congregational vestry. Among the attractions were solos by Mrs. Dr. Coffin and Rev. Mr. Hood, both of whom were warmly applauded and encored. Mrs. Bryant also gave out some of her choice piano music, assisted by Mr. Willis, on the flute, and Miss Packard, one of her pupils. The enjoyment of the evening was enhanced by the parts taken by Mr. G. H. Notte, Miss Hobbs and Miss A. Gleason.

That our friends at the Centre are pretty well "stirred up" is evident, but several statements must cause a smile among the people here (West Medford), as, for instance, that we are not unanimous in asking for a division. That there is no opposition, I do not claim; but it is mainly relating to the choice of the name, some being dissatisfied with that chosen, which would probably be the case with any name; but there is only one person so far as I know, who is much opposed to being set off. The chairman said that "a certain pleasant tyranny" is being exercised. This is indeed, news. I, for one, do not know how "pleasant" tyranny may be made; nor do I know of any, either "pleasant" or otherwise. He says, also, relating to our supposed need of new buildings and other sources of expenditure, it would be "impossible to bring the tax rate below fifteen dollars for years, a figure which can be expected in the united town with good management." This is giving up, practically, the whole question, and is admitting just what we claim; viz., that there has not been "good management." We know of no way of judging the future but by the past, and see no reason to hope for this "good management" so long as affairs are managed by that clique who live in the shadow of Medford's real distillery! Whoever dreamed of uniting Melrose, Malden and Medford in one city had better be sent for a few weeks or months to the school for feeble-minded youth at South Boston, as it is not probable that one of these towns would ever vote for it. Mr. Sise, in further remarks, appealed to the small taxpayers, the owners of homes, to bear in mind that taxes will be higher for ten years if this scheme is carried out.

Well, if the carrying out of the scheme will increase Medford's rate of taxation, by the same process of reasoning it will lessen ours. That is just what we want and what we claim. As to what Mr. Wilcox says about West Medford's share in the responsibility for high taxes, it may be said that the people here manifest no disposition to evade any responsibility; but I certainly believe the gentleman is in error. The majority of voters in town, no doubt, live in or near the centre; four-fifths of the voters here spend from six to twelve hours a day in Boston or in transit. They come home wearied with the day's duties, and when, as has often been the case, town meetings are held in the evening, they have not always attended, and the people at the centre rally, and often vote appropriations for objects which the good of the whole town do not require,—\$8,000 to pave a street for a horse railroad being an example. The people here made an extra exertion to attend the meetings called to consider the town hall question, and it was postponed to a future day.

B. A. Hersey said the West Medford people wanted to dodge their taxes, and a man who would do that was no man at all. He understood the man who was most active in the movement only paid a two dollar tax.

If this was spoken as a joke, it might be allowed to pass, but if in earnest, it is rather libellous. The people here pay their taxes as cheerfully as people in general do, considering the small benefit they derive therefrom. There is no more disposition to "dodge" here than is usual. As to who is "most active" in the movement, it would be hard to say. Hon. Francis Brooks, who pays a tax of \$4,584.87 is chairman of the committee of fifteen; C. C. Stevens, who pays \$423.68, W. H. Breed, who pays \$181.76, G. B. Chapin, who pays \$209.48, H. N. Sawyer, who pays \$282.56, not to mention others, are members of that same committee. The movement seems to be spontaneous, and we are as united as could be expected. One speaker wanted West Medford canvassed and the city project talked there, to discourage the seceders.

This is ridiculous! Not a dozen, proba-

bly, are in favor of joining any city; certainly not that cumbrous one proposed of all the towns that take water from Spot Pond.

Joshua T. Foster made a few pointed remarks, claiming that West Medford had always had all it asked.

Mr. Joshua Foster ought, and probably does, know better. Can it be that he has forgotten the refusal to lengthen and grade Canal street, so as to connect with Boston avenue, when he was a member of the Board of Selectmen? or the more recent refusal to lay out the grade Monument street? or, to crown the whole, the present opposition to our becoming a town? "Had all we wanted," have we? Then our wants have been few, for we have not had much for the past twelve years.

Other gentlemen spoke, and the general sentiment as expressed by nearly every speaker was that the best thing to do was to bring to bear personal influence upon every member of the Legislature who could be reached. This is a thing which some of these same people accuse us of doing, and complain about it, but it makes a difference, you know, whose ox is gored. There is now an existence of a breach between the two sections of the town, and it will be useless, in my opinion, to try to heal it; and the sooner our request is conceded to, the better for both parties. It has got to come!

Do it now and don't delay. Heart disease should not be trifled with, but cured; use Dr. Graves' Heart regulator, and you will not be disappointed in its effects, which are immediate.

## Deaths.

In Lexington, Jan. 12, Patrick H., son of Patrick and Margaret Fitzpatrick, aged 17 years, 5 months, 19 days.

In Arlington, Dec. 24, of consumption, Frank S., youngest son of Geo. F. and Ellen M. Fuller, 17 yrs., 2 mo., 4 days. He was an affectionate and dutiful son, honest and upright in all his dealings, a manly and exemplary character gone to his home on Heavenly mountains.

Dorling Frank then last left us.  
Here thy loss we deeply feel,  
But the God that hath bereft us,  
He can all our sorrows heal.

In Woburn, Jan. 10, Samuel Knapp Parker, aged 50 years, 5 months, 2 days. He was loved by those who knew him best, and he had many friends, for he was genial in temper, honest with every one.

## UTOPIA SKATING CLUB, ARLINGTON.

G. W. RUSSELL, - President.  
J. H. RUSSELL, - Treasurer.

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 21,  
MISS BESSIE GILBERT,  
Child Cornet Soloist.

This great cornetist, by her accomplishment in the art of music, being only 15 years old, has gained the favor of the exclusive musical circles of Boston, Philadelphia and other cities, thereby constituting her fame as the greatest cornetist of her age in the world.  
Every lover of fine music will appreciate and be delighted with her entertainment.  
She has a full and choice repertoire of choice solos which she plays while on skates. Can adapt herself to all occasions, large or small, and at all her entertainments and musical gatherings has given satisfaction and won great favor.  
Entertainment at 8.30 P. M. All tickets good on that night.  
P. S. We would like to see all our patrons on that evening, as it is a departure from our usual entertainments.

Saturday, Jan. 24,  
The Celebrated Young Lady Skater,  
Miss Jessie Lafone.  
MUSIC

every evening and Saturday afternoons.  
Special childrens' session Saturday forenoon, from 10 to 12. Admission and use of skates, 15 cts.

ORDINARY ADMISSION.  
Afternoon 15 cts.; Children 10 cts. Evenings 25 cts.; Five tickets for \$1.00; Children 15 cts.; Eight tickets for \$1.00.  
Skates to Club Members, and non members who are acceptable to the Directors, afternoon or evening, 15 cts.

The Annual Meeting  
OF THE  
Middlesex Agricultural Soc'y  
Will be held in Agricultural Hall, Ploughman Building, 45 Milk street, Boston, SATURDAY, January 24th, 1885, at 2 o'clock, p.m.  
W. H. HUNT.

Rye Straw For Sale.  
About two tons First Quality Rye Straw, stored in barn on estate of the late Newell Frost. Enquire of Mrs. E. A. FISHER, Arlington Ave.

LOST.  
On 4.30 train from Boston, to Arlington, Jan. 13, a package containing Coat, Pants, pair lady's boots and some other articles. Finder will please return same to Arlington House and be rewarded.  
C. S. JACOBS.

J. Henry Hartwell,  
ARLINGTON, MASS.,



FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
—AND—  
Furnishing Undertaker.

Will attend to the care and preparation of bodies. Constantly on hand an assortment of COFFINS, CASKETS and BOXES.  
Carriages, Patent Folding Chairs and Flowers furnished where desired. Warerooms, Junction of  
ARLINGTON AVENUE AND BROADWAY.  
Residence on Mystic street. 26sep-17

## United States and Canada EXPRESS.

Having bought the business and good will of the Express formerly owned by Brooks & Co., run between Concord and Boston, we shall continue to run the same and with all our extra conveniences shall be able to serve the public better than they have ever been served.  
We have secured the services of A. FOSTER BROOKS in the Arlington department, who will try and accommodate our patrons. Orders left in his box at the depot will be promptly attended to. Our messenger runs on the following trains:  
IN TRIPS—8, 9.35 A. M., 1.19 P. M.  
OUT TRIPS—9.30 A. M., 12.20, 1.35, 4.20, 5.45 P. M.

Packages received by our agent in Arlington to be forwarded to Boston and from there to some distant town by express, the charges will not commence until they leave our office in Boston.  
U. S. & CANADA EXPRESS.  
To the patrons of Arlington—Hoping by strict attention to business and to the wants of the public I shall merit a share of your patronage. Very respectfully,  
A. FOSTER BROOKS,  
Agent for the U. S. & Canada Express.

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Mill and Elevator adjoining Town Hall, Main St., Lexington.

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of best qualities, in any desired quantity, delivered promptly in Lexington and vicinity, at the lowest market prices.

LUMBER,  
of all grades and dimensions to suit. Estimates and specifications furnished promptly. Building materials of all kinds supplied. Also, agent for Bradley's Fertilizers. Telephone 8296.  
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Expressing & Jobbing  
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a specialty.

Office, Monument House, Lexington.  
All orders left at office or residence on Muzzey street will be promptly attended to.  
A conveyance will leave Lexington at 9 o'clock, each Sunday morning, to meet the horse car arriving at Arlington at 10.30; also leave Lexington at 4 o'clock, on Sunday afternoons, to meet the car arriving at 5.50. Fare to and from Lexington, 35 cents. East Lexington, 25 cents.  
nov 7-3m

## WILLIAM HENHAM, BLACKSMITH.

SHOP OPPOSITE CENTRE STATION, LEXINGTON, MASS.

First Class House to Let.  
CONTAINING TEN ROOMS, GOOD REPAIR.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.  
Possession given at any time.  
Enquire, T. H. RUSSELL.

FOR SALE.  
For sale, Farm of 30 acres in North Lexington near Station, also, farm of 17 acres, 1.12 miles from Centre Station, also, two houses in Lexington Centre.

Apply to L. A. SAVILLE,  
Main street, Lexington.

A PRIZE.  
Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods, which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND STATIONERY,  
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JAMES F. RUSSELL, PROPRIETOR,  
Now offers superior accommodations to families looking for Fall and Winter board. Its rooms being large and arranged in suits, with all modern improvements, and a table of the highest grade, it unites the attractions of a city hotel with those of a suburban resort.  
Nov-17

ONE MILLION Copies will soon be of Congress—by James G. Blaine. The only history of our government from 1861 to 1881. Hon. John S. Wise, M. C., from Va., says "Wherever it takes it up, no matter whether he be Mr. Blaine's friend or enemy, will never put it down until he has read the whole." \$200 per month paid good responsible agents. Apply at once.  
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Temperance Department.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me through your columns to call the attention of the public to the needs of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Massachusetts, which is acknowledged, by all who are acquainted with its history, to be doing greater and more thorough work for the overthrow of intemperance than any other organization in this country. Its plans are largely educational. Believing that the children are the "hope of the nation," we endeavor to reach them with the facts of science through the day-school, with the moral phase of the question through the Sunday school, and to gather those children who attend neither of these, into Bands of Hope. The circulation, through the printed page and from platform and pulpit, of the facts regarding alcohol and its abuse, is another means by which this organization endeavors to educate public sentiment.

Although much of the work is done gratuitously, yet the expense of the State headquarters, Secretary's salary, printing, distribution of literature, organizing new auxiliaries throughout the State (demanding direct expenditure for traveling expenses), and many other items, makes it necessary for the Society to ask pecuniary aid from all those who deplore the evils of intemperance.

This Society is broad in its principles as well as its methods of work—which embrace thirty different departments. The opportunities for advancing this important cause are so rapidly multiplying, that the need for largely increased funds is imperative.

The engagement of Mrs. Theresa A. Scott as collector for this Society terminated last September. We therefore request those who have so often and generously contributed to us through her solicitations, to remit directly to our headquarters, thereby saving us the cost of collection. And you who have not yet given to this Society, will you also aid us? In so doing you are helping your own homes; for the temperance reform is at the foundation of the prosperity of the State and nation. For the sake of the little ones, who are the helpless victims of the curse of the liquor traffic, who should be taught how to avoid the dangers and temptations surrounding them on every side, we earnestly appeal to you to help us, by a generous contribution, to carry forward this work.

Please send money-order or check, to Mrs. Amelia H. Wood, Treas. of Mass. W. C. T. U., 36 Bromfield St., Room 134, Boston.

All sums, however small, will be most gratefully received and judiciously expended.

ELISABETH S. TOBEN, Pres.  
Amelia H. Wood, Treas.

WHY NOT?

The Legislature will be asked to pass a law requiring instruction in the public schools as to the effect of alcohol upon the human system. It is not contemplated to overload the course of study by the addition of another branch of instruction, but to be pursued from day to day; but to provide an opportunity for impressing upon the minds of children the evil effects of intemperance, and ensure that teachers shall be ready and willing to give the needed instruction. This seems to us an entirely reasonable request to make, and the Legislature would be justified in yielding a ready compliance to it. It may be asserted in objection, that the measure desired is unusual; but the curse of alcoholism is unusual, and nothing is more needed with regard to it than that its operation and consequences should be understood. The material waste, the physical ruin, the burdens to the State, the injury to society, to home and public morals, resulting from this evil, are so vast and are growing so rapidly that any thing which can conduce to the enlightenment of public sentiment with reference to it is to be welcomed. Of all these various forms of evil, those which are physical are most obvious, most easily traceable and most directly measurable. It is with a view to diffusing information upon this point that the proposed law is asked. What alcohol does for the nerves, for the blood and for all the organs of the body, is something which can be and has been ascertained.

There are two reasons why it is specially fitting that instruction upon this point should be given in the schools. One is that the children who may thus be reached have no fixed and clamorous habits to be overcome. Their natures are pliant. It is easier to prevent than to cure. In any form of work in which an impression is to be made, it is important to begin with the young. The other reason is that ignorance is responsible for much of the evil of intemperance. Boys learn to drink because they fancy it is manly, and are ignorant of its consequences. The temptation besets them early and pursues them relentlessly. Although our laws are framed with the intent of guarding youth from the contaminating influences of the dramshops, they are far

from being effectual to that end. There are few teachers of experience who cannot recall some cases of shocking intemperance among children of school age. It will not be every thing, but it will at least be something, to provide means for removing ignorance of the effects of alcohol among the young. Forewarned is forearmed, in this as in other things. If children are taught something of the train of disasters which follow upon alcoholism, they will be less easy victims to temptation. Several states have already adopted laws requiring instruction of this sort, and Massachusetts may well join them. —Boston Journal.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14, 1885.

When Congress reassembled this week after its Christmas vacation, the House of Representatives proceeded at once to defeat three important bills. The Hancock revenue reform scheme was sent to the rear with great decision. A cold shoulder was turned on an attempt made by Representative Collins to fix a day for consideration of the Lowell bankruptcy bill, and the Mexican veterans were warned that they need expect nothing from the House so long as the Senate refuses to recede from its amendments made to the Mexican Pension bill last session.

It was the day for making motions under suspension of the rules, and a delightful post-holiday harmony had prevailed in the House up to the moment that Representative Hancock precipitated the first tariff conflict of the session. He wanted to pass a bill abolishing the internal Revenue tax on tobacco, cigars, snuff, alcohol, brandies, etc., stating it would reduce the revenue fifty or sixty millions annually. The House divided instantly on the tariff question, and after half an hour's debate, the bill was buried under the vote of a large majority.

Opposition to a discussion of the bankruptcy bill was led by Congressman Hammond of Georgia, who said, the business man who asked for the passage of the bill was actuated by pure selfishness, as were also his constituents who opposed it. The assertion was made that if the bill became a law, it would create 5,000 new offices, and Representative Willis raised a laugh by an appeal to spare the Democrats the infliction of five thousand more applicants in addition to those with which they are already besieged. Mr. Randall voted with the Southern and Western opponents of the motion, and as he was conspicuously active on the floor while the vote was being taken, the New York members openly hold him responsible for the result.

While the pension appropriation, which passed the House, was being discussed, Mr. Warner, of Ohio, inveighed against greedy pension agents, and secured an amendment calculated to remedy the abuse. He said the piracy of the middle ages was an honest calling compared with the operations of claim agents in the city of Washington.

The Pension office, and the Interior Department, of which it is a bureau, will be a field in which President-elect Cleveland will have abundant opportunity to practice administrative reform, with room for beneficial results. Like the Star Route thieves, pension swindlers are of no party, and their allies in office will be found among the most pliant and time-serving fawners upon the new administration.

The exclusive Senate has passed a bill forfeiting the Oregon land grant this week, discussed inter-state commerce, and spent much time talking about the treaties Spanish and Nicaraguan, behind barred doors. Safe from the gaze of the outside world, Senatorial dignity relaxes lifts its feet upon desks, smokes, dozes, tells funny stories, and otherwise disports itself like ordinary humanity under similar circumstances, or like the House does with the eyes of the world upon it.

The continued illness of the Chief Justice of the United States has given rise to many rumors and much speculation concerning changes on the Supreme bench in case of his death or resignation. The family of Justice Waite, however, express no fears that he will not recover. His daughter was out calling on two days of this week, and was surprised to learn from those whom she visited that her father was near the brink of the grave.

Of all the tempting offices in the gift of the incoming president, none seems more eagerly sought than the Marshallship of the District. To pose as a master of ceremonies at all the state receptions and dinners for the next four years, with all the consequent social prestige, is a pleasant position to look forward to. Nearly every state in the Union has an applicant for this office, and the District of Columbia is strongly asserting her claims.

It accordance with the spirit of the civil service rules, the record of the year in the Treasury Department shows that one hundred and thirty-five appointments made there were distributed fairly among the states. Thirty-five states and territories were represented. Pennsylvania was favored with thirteen appointments, New York with twelve, and Ohio with nine.

Everything points to a complete success of the inauguration ceremonies. Inaugural headquarters has become a lively place, and committees are demonstrating their fitness for the work of preparation, from the non-partisan spirit in which citizens are lending help, it would seem there will be a demonstration free from party feeling inauguration day.

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**Boston Directory.**

Embracing a list of the places of business of some of the residents of Arlington and Lexington which will prove a convenience to every one.

**Miscellaneous.**

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AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,  
49 North Market Street, Boston.

**BOSTON M. Insurance Co.,**  
30 Kilby Street, Boston.  
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**Miniature Directory, 1884.**

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Library Committee.—James P. Farmer, John F. Towbridge, Richard L. Hodgdon.

Water Commissioners.—Henry Malt, Warren A. Peirce.

Water Register, B. Delmont Locke, Supt. of Works, Geo. W. Austin, office at Town Hall.

Superintendent of Streets, G. W. Austin.

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It is the Winter of the year!  
O'er buried flowers the snow rifts lie,  
The storms have veiled with ashen gray  
The blueness of the Summer sky;  
No brooks in babbling ripples run,  
No birds are singing in the hedge,  
No violets nodding in the sun,  
Beside the brooklet's frozen edge,  
Yet unto leafless, broken boughs,  
The greenest mosses closely cling,  
And near stern Winter's stormy verge  
Float soft, prophetic airs of Spring.

It is the Winter of our life!  
O'er buried hopes the snow rifts lie,  
And storms have veiled with ashen gray  
The blueness of the cloudless sky;  
No light steps cross the threshold stone,  
No voice of love our welcomes greet,  
No gentle hand enclasps our own,  
With cordial salutation sweet,  
Yet unto bruised and broken hearts  
Endearing words of promise cling,  
And float upon Time's stormy voyage,  
Bright blossoms of eternal Spring!

—Luther G. Riggs.

## TWO LOVERS.

"Of course I know it is a great piece of folly in me." "Then why do it?" The other young man laughed with a certain bitterness. He was standing in front of a large oak tree which was half cut through; he was leaning on his ax, and looking at the man near him, who was seated on a fallen trunk and smoking a cigar.

About this person was the unmistakable air of wealth and success. He was, nevertheless, gazing at his companion with the ax with an expression of admiration.

"Why do it?" repeated Holt; and he lifted his weapon and swung it furiously against the oak. "I do it just for the same reason that that tree is bound to fall, because it can't help it."

"Pshaw!" Mr. Barron, though he uttered this exclamation as if in remonstrance, could not help a look of relief coming to his face. He felt that his countenance expressed too much, and he stooped down and picked up a twig from the ground, breaking it in his fingers, and not raising his eyes.

"You see, I have grown up near her since she was a child," went on Holt, "and I don't think she would ever think of me, save as a kind of brother. I'm not going to give her the trouble of saying 'No' to me. Girls don't care for people they have seen all their lives."

"How do you know so much about girls?" rising suddenly to his feet, and flinging away his cigar.

"Who is it who knows so much about girls?" asked a voice behind them among the trees, and a girl stepped out into the opening and looked from one to the other, not a smile stirring her dark and vivid face. But there was a flash of fun in the eyes which was not allowed to overrun.

Naomi Barto must have known very well what was the effect of that crimson, fluffy thing which was twisted over her black hair, and was she unconscious that none could wear the drapery of a *shawl* with more grace than she could bring to bear upon that apparently passive act? There were little red mittens on her hands, and one of those hands held a three-pint tin pail.

"I suppose you think it a manly thing, Ralph Holt," she said, turning to that person, whose face, despite himself, was glowing with pleasure at sight of her, to leave your poor old mother to suffer from fears that you will starve to death. You forgot your dinner again to day."

Barron had quickly removed his hat as he had bowed profoundly to Miss Barto, and now he stood looking at her with that undisguised but perfectly respectful admiration, which is so great a compliment to a woman.

Did she see that admiration? Holt, at least, saw it, and it was like a sudden and terrible revelation to him.

Of course, Barron was attracted to her; of course that attraction must be mutual; for Holt was not so perversely blind but he could see that this stranger, rich, handsome, of good address, and, he added to himself, "a good fellow, too," was one to ensnare a woman's fancy.

He had just announced to Barron that he had made up his mind to try his fortune in the Far West. He was going to Colorado. He could not help going, he had asserted, for if he remained at home he should some time be obliged to see Naomi Barto smile with love at some one else.

Before Holt could speak, Barron said, gaily: "You put a premium on forgetfulness, Miss Barto. You'll make him leave his dinner-pail every day if you come and bring it to him."

Holt said nothing. The girl wondered why his face was so black as he advanced and took the pail from her hand.

He turned toward Barron, who sprang back involuntarily a step, crying out: "Good heavens, Holt! what has happened to you?"

The exclamation recalled Holt to himself. He tried to laugh. Then he said, awkwardly:

"I am glad you agree with me about women and their way of loving. You see I am right in deciding not to stay here and endure the torture of seeing that girl love someone else. Instead of waiting until next week before I go, I can be ready the day after to-morrow."

Holt was looking full in his companion's face as he said these words, and he saw something there that made him say, sharply, and yet with a kind of guttural, sound in his voice:

"Barron, you love her!" Barron turned away, but Holt saw his face grow red and then pale. Then he fronted his questioner and said, almost in a whisper:

"If I do, you cannot wonder, can you?" Holt was silent a long time. So long that Barron at last came toward him, and put his hand on his arm, repeating his question:

"You cannot wonder, can you?" Instead of replying, Holt said:

"I was thinking of that old saying about looking at happiness through another man's eyes."

"But I am not happy yet," "You will be. I saw her smile at you to-day."

"You must not put too much into a woman's smile."

Though Barron said this, his face showed that his hope was high.

"I shall not cut any more wood to-day," abruptly said Holt. "Will you go down the hill with me?"

He hurriedly put on his jacket, then swung his ax over his shoulder. "He looked and acted in haste."

"If I see Steuben before noon," he said, as if to himself, "I can easily arrange to leave the day after to-morrow. Every hour that I stay about here is misery to me now."

The two men began the descent of the hill, and went on half way down in silence; then Barron suddenly stood still.

"That was a curious sound," he said. Holt roused himself.

"I heard nothing," he answered. "What was it like?"

He spoke indifferently, as if he cared very little.

"I can scarcely tell. It might be a cry for help."

"Not likely," listlessly. "But if it were," returned Barron, still detaining his companion by a hand on his arm—"if it were, you would wish to heed it, would you not?"

Holt was plainly impatient, but he said, "Of course," and tried to listen.

Then they both heard what might have been a cry, but it had such a strange and suffocated sound in it that it was impossible to tell if a human voice had uttered it.

"You heard that?" said Barron, who felt irritated that the other should feel so little interest in this sign of distress.

"Yes, but I don't know what to make of it. Some dog, perhaps."

"Whatever it is, I shall follow it up."

And he turned off to the left and began pushing through the thick growing wood, while Holt kept by his side suddenly but persistently, as one having no interest in the affair in hand.

In a moment the two had emerged into a space where the trees had been cut that winter. It was a somewhat steep slope down the hill, and here and there were still small patches of snow, fast melting beneath this sun.

On one of those patches of white, close to where a small group of walnut trees had been left standing, both men saw at the same instant the same object.

That object was a spot bright red on the snow, something resembling what women call a "cloud."

It was like what Naomi Barto had worn a half-hour ago.

Holt dashed forward a step by the side of Barron, then, recalling the smile he had seen given to that man, by an effort which took all his will, which was not weak, he drew back, and followed the impetuous rush that Barron made down the hill.

lifted enough for him to draw Naomi from under the tree.

His own plan, formed instantaneously, had been that they should both endeavor to raise the load and push the log underneath, thus relieving the weight.

To his unspeakable surprise, he saw the thick branch rise slightly beneath Barron's power. He had not known how thoroughly that gentleman's muscles had been trained.

As quickly as light, as strongly as love, Holt now acted.

In that flash of time while the weight was lifted he drew the girl from beneath it.

Having done so, he fell down on his knees beside her, not looking now toward Barron, who did not come forward.

Naomi, whose senses had been painfully kept alive, had now become unconscious; but, being naturally strong and well, she revived in a few moments, as Holt rubbed snow upon her hands and temples, keeping himself outwardly calm only by a great effort.

When she opened her eyes and looked at him, though his heart thrilled beneath that glance, he felt that he must not yield to the temptation it brought to him. Now he remembered Barron.

He rose quickly and glanced over the tree trunk, some stifled cry escaping him as he did so.

He saw Barron lying on his side, his face almost as white as the snow near it, and a thin stream of blood slowly trickling from his lips.

Something resembling a smile came into Barron's eyes as Holt came round and bent over him.

"Is she safe?" whispered Barron. Holt nodded. He did not think he could speak. Young, unused to death as he was, he knew that death was near the man before him—so near that he never thought of going for aid.

"They said I was fickle," said Barron, slowly, "but how could I have been fickle to her?"

He looked up wistfully at the strong, moved face before him.

"I suppose it is all right," he said, after a pause. Then more loudly and strongly: "Where did I read, the other day, that it was not difficult to die?"

As he finished speaking his glance met the eyes of Naomi, who had risen, and had come to Holt's side. A gush of blood came faster. His eyelids fell softly, peacefully.

The man and woman standing there remained silent and motionless for several moments.

Then Holt turned and looked at the pallid, tear-wet face of the girl beside him.

He took off his hat, as he reverently said:

"I do not wonder, Naomi, that, as I love you, so you loved him. Even I could not help having an affection for him."

The blood came painfully up over Naomi's face. The pulse at her throat beat heavily.

"You mistake," she said, in a voice that, sad as it was, started Holt into what seemed to him then to be a guilty happiness. "I did not love him. I have always loved you."

Holt took the little half-frozen hand quickly in his.

"He gave his life, as I would have given mine," he said, as soon as he could speak without too much tremor in his voice.

She made a sudden movement toward him.

"I am not ungrateful to him," she said, between sobs, glancing at the man lying there. Heaven knows that. But had you died, I could never have been happy."

—Catharine Earnshaw.

## The Greely Rescue.

In describing the rescue of Lieutenant Greely to a reporter, a sailor of the rescuing vessel Bear recently gave the following version:

"At Littleton Island, the entrance of Smith's Sound, we were nipped in the ice three days. The Bear and Thetis sailed from there to Cape Sabine, on the extreme point of which records of the Greely party were found by an ensign of the Thetis. The Bear started at once for Cocked Hat Cove, where Greely was, as indicated by the message. The steam launch under Lieutenant Colwell made the landing. A figure was seen advancing over the ice."

"Who are you?" said Chief Engineer Low.

"I am Sergeant Long," said the emaciated wretch.

"Is Greely alive?" was the next question.

## A DEAD MARCH.

Play me a march low-toned and slow, a march for a silent tread.

Fit for the wandering feet of one who dreams of the silent dead,  
Lonely—between the bones below and the souls that are overhead.

Here for awhile they smiled and sang, alive in the interpace;  
Here with the grass beneath the feet and the stars above the face.

Now are their feet beneath the grass, and whither has flown their grace!

Who shall assure us whence they come or tell us the way they go?  
Verily life with them was joy, and now they have left us—woe!

Once they were not and now they are not—and this is the sum we know.

Orderly range the seasons due and orderly roll the stars—  
How shall we deem the soldiers brave who frets of his wounds and scars!

Are we as senseless brutes that we should dash at the well seen bars!

No, we are here with feet unfixed, but ever as if with lead  
Down from the orbs which shine above to the orb on which we tread,

Down to the dust from which we came and with which we shall mingle, dead.

No, we are here to wait and work, and strain our banished eyes,  
Weary and sick of soil and toil, and hungry and faint for skies

Far from the reach of wingless men and not to be sealed with cries.

No, we are here to bend our necks to the yoke of Tyrant Time.

Welcoming all the gifts he gives us—glories of youth and prime;  
Patiently watching them all depart as our heads grow white as time.

Why do we mourn the days that go—for the same sun shines each day!  
Ever a spring her primrose hath and ever a May her may.

Sweet as the rose that died last year is the rose that is born to-day.

Do we not too return, we men as ever the round earth whirls?  
Never a head is dimmed with gray but another is sunned with curls.

She was a girl and he was a boy, but yet there are boys and girls.

Ah, but alas for the smiles of smiles that never but one face wore!

Ah, for the voice that has flown away like a bird to an unseen shore!

Ah, for the face, the flower of flowers, that blossoms on earth no more!

—Cosmo Monkhouse, in the Magazine of Art.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A tie in the house—when a wedding takes place.

A silent partner is one who makes no noise and leaves nothing.

The best chest protector—a quarter to the baggage master.—Boston Bulletin.

The peal of a breakfast bell often fails to wake a man up. The peal of a banana will do it every time.—Breakfast Table.

An exchange says: "We spend nearly \$100,000,000 per annum on our schools." Well, it is money well spent. We have the best base ball players in the world.—Normstown Herald.

Hard times have even reached the Rothschilds. "I don't suppose you know what hard times are," said a man to one of the house servants of the baroness Rothschild in Paris. "Oh, yes, we do, for it is only this morning that I saw the baroness and her daughter playing on one piano."

Actress (to washerwoman, who has brought her bill)—"How can you be so impertinent as to dun me in this way?" Washerwoman—"Impertinent! What do you mean? Who are you, I should like to know? If I choose to pay for a gallery ticket you have got to faint on the stage for my amusement."

THE INEVITABLE THORN.  
She had such pretty bright blue eyes,  
And waving hair of golden sheen;  
A saucy nose and cherry lips,  
And stately manners of a queen.

But oh, there was one little fault,  
One blenheim all these charms among:  
This lovely rosebud had one thorn,  
She had—alas! she had a tongue.

In Aroostook county, Me., it is complained that people have to go a hundred miles to court. Now while it would seem a little difficult for the old Aroostookers to go to law with one another, the young Aroostookers can probably go to court at their next door neighbors; but it is human nature to grumble.

THE HLEASURE OF COASTING.  
See the boy  
Full of joy  
With his painted sled,  
Gaily go  
Through the snow,  
Always at the head.

Bells jingle,  
Bells tinkle,  
But what matters that?  
Rubs 'em warm,  
Doesn't harm,  
Though he tumbles flat.

Up again,  
With a grin,  
He's bound to have his frolic;  
Slipping down,  
Cracking crown—  
'Sno worse than having colic.

—Chicago Sun.

## NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Gray and black ostrich feathers are speckled with white, as if sprinkled with snow.

Bronze slippers and royal cardinal silk hose are popular for afternoon wear at home.

Umbrellas now have natural wooden handles, the quaint and more eccentric the newer style.

Black, cardinal and blue are the leading shades in hosiery, the stripes and plaids being rarely seen.

A good novelty is a ribbon for use on mourning dresses, between Ottoman and faille, very durable, yet soft.

Choice sprays of shaded velvet flowers appear upon some of the most elegant little opera bonnets from Paris.

Worth, of Paris, will furnish a bridal outfit for a lady for \$20,000, but she must expect everything will be very common.

The very newest overskirts are made with very large plaits all around, and are shorter in front than at the side and behind.

Jet and black ribbon are the favorite trimming for the very little wraps worn with woollen suits, no matter what may be their color.

The most beautiful of the European royal women is said to be Queen Olga, of Greece. She is tall and of perfect shape, with exquisite feet and hands, limpid and large dark eyes and long curling lashes, very long dark hair, and a complexion delicate as a flower petal. She is almost as fine an equestrienne as the Empress of Austria. Her husband adores her.

Action for breach of promise of marriage is based on a common law right, and it dates back from an ancient custom of the Babylonians, which is said to have originated in a dispute that occurred concerning the sale of Atossa, daughter of Belochos, in 1433. At a certain time in every year the marriageable females were assembled in the market place and sold to the highest bidder. Atossa was so disgusted with her purchaser that she appealed to her father, who ventured to protect her, thereby incurring the displeasure of the ruler of the Asian city, who ordered his execution and the confiscation of his property to the disappointed buyer. Since that time things have altered considerably, and money payment is allotted as solatium to a jilted affianced.

Gathering Horned Toads.

A Hamilton (Cal.) paper says a Chinaman has devoted the past six months in gathering horned toads, which are very numerous on the red hills, and are as much dreaded as rattlesnakes. Recently he made a shipment of 2,000 of the toads to San Francisco, from which place they will be sent to China. The toads are there converted into various kinds of medicines, which sell very high. For the cure of chills and fever they are said to be the finest things known. A toad is placed in a flask of whisky for several weeks, and then the stuff is sold as a tonic.

How Pale You are!

Is frequently the exclamation of one lady to another. The fact is not a pleasant one to have mention, but still the act may be a kindly one, for it sets the one addressed to thinking, appraises her of the fact that she is not in good health, and leads her to seek a reason therefor. Fallor is almost always attendant upon the first stages of consumption. The system is enfeebled, and the blood is impoverished. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will act as a tonic upon the system, will enrich the impoverished blood, and restore roses to the cheeks.

A SIXTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD German of Warsaw, Ill., has been engaged eleven years constructing a model of the city of Jerusalem.

"I Love Her Better Than Life."

Well, then, why don't you do something to bring back the roses to her cheeks and the light to her eyes? Don't you see she is suffering from nervous debility, the result of female weakness? A bottle of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will brighten those pale cheeks and send new life through that wasting form. If you love her, take heed.

A VOLUME has lately been published on "What to Wear." Now for the sequel, entitled "How to Procure It."

If you have catarrh, use the surest remedy—Dr. Sage's.

A CONNECTICUT man comes to the front with a walking machine with legs seven feet long.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures all female and kidney complaints.

In Paris there are 150 tradesmen, who deal in nothing but old postage stamps.

"Rough on Pain."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhoea; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50c.

To restore sense of taste, smell or hearing use Ely's Cream Balm. It cures all cases of Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds in the Head, Headache and Deafness. It is doing wonderful work. Do not fail to procure a bottle, as it will give you the relief you seek. It is easily applied with the finger. Price 50 cents at druggists, 60 cents by mail. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

CATARRH AND DEAFNESS.

I have been deaf in one ear ten years, and partially deaf in the other for two months; have been treated by ear specialists and received no benefit. Having used Ely's Cream Balm for about a month I find myself greatly improved, and can hear well and consider it a valuable remedy. I had also nasal catarrh, with dropping mucus into my throat and pain over my eyes, which troubles also have entirely disappeared. D. B. Yates, Upper Lisle, Broome Co., N. Y.

"Rough on Coughs."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Troches, 15c Liquid, 25c.

Carbolic lines.

This magic balm, which is in truth Petroleum sweet and clean; It gives to age the charm of youth, The matchless Carbolic.

Thin People.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures, dyspepsia, sexual debility. \$1.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other malarial fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphoric Elixir of Calcey," made by Dr. Cassell, Hazari & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

Mothers.

If you are failing; broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1. Druggists.

PHILADELPHIA has 719 pending divorce cases. Chicago has 674.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York city, make baggage, expressage and \$3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central depot.

Excursion rooms, \$10.00 a week, or a month, one million dollars, \$1 and upward per day. European plan. Restaurant supplied with the best. Home or college and elevated railroad to all depots. Families and single better for low rates at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.



**HUNT'S**  
KIDNEY & LIVER  
**REMEDY**  
NEVER KNOWN  
TO FAIL

IT CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts DIRECTLY and AT ONCE on the KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS, restoring them to a healthy condition.

IT IS BOTH A SAFE CURE and a SPECIFIC. It CURES all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Nervous Debility, Excitement, Female Weakness, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Ache, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Side, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine.

Send for Illustrated Pamphlet of Solid Testimonials of Absolute Cures. HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.

HUNT'S Kidney and Liver REMEDY is purely vegetable, and the utmost reliance may be placed on it.

THIS PLASTER is applied directly upon the muscles and the nerves of the back, the seat of all pain.

FOR ALL Long Troubles, whether local or deeply seated this plaster will afford relief by applying between the shoulder-blades.

SHARP For Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Side and Back. Ache, they are a certain and speedy cure.

PAIERS. Sold by Druggists for 50 cents, or five for \$1. Mailed on receipt of price to J. C. Smith, General Agent, Boston.

BRAZILIAN COMPOUND The most remarkable DISCOVERY of the age for CONSUMPTION. It has never failed.

ONE upon the Chest, the Lungs, the Throat, the South American DER has cured have spent many hours of delirious coughing, CHICKEN, CROUP, and long stand the Throat or RIBBON MON.

For sale at all Druggists. For history of the discovery or mailed upon receipt of this rem. 50c. complete. Send for full particulars and testimonials of LARGES SIZE, holding four persons restored to health, times the quantity. \$3.00. address BRAZILIAN Compound, Directions for use accompany each bottle. Price 50c. and paying every package. Marie St. Newark, N. J.

Out this ady. out and send to some afflicted friend.

PIANOS AND ORGANS at Low Prices.

SOLD IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY ON THE FOLLOWING EASY TERMS: PIANOS, \$25 CASH, and \$10 MONTHLY FOR THE BALANCE UNTIL PAID. ORGANS



## WIT FOR WINTER WEATHER

### COMICAL STORIES TO AROUSE THE SLUGGISH BLOOD.

#### A Well known Man—Mamma's Darling—About a Baron—Almost a Native—Her Economy.

"Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I'm a well known man, I'm a New Yorker, and my name is a familiar one to the American people."

"Were you a general in the war, stranger?"

"No, sir, I fit in the war, but not as a general."

"Congressman, perhaps, or governor of some State?"

"No, sir, I'm not a politician nor a statesman, I'm a private citizen, and I'm proud to say it."

"Well, if you are not a great soldier or statesman, what is it that made your name a familiar one throughout the country? Who are you?"

"I'm John Smith."—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

#### Mamma's Darlings.

Mrs. Brinytear visited her neighbor, Mrs. Goodcock, the other day, taking her little daughter Arabella along. Arabella is only three years in this country, and speaks her mind on all occasions, so when her mother said at dinner:

"Mrs. Goodcock, your cake is excellent," and Mrs. Goodcock smiled a deprecating little smile and remarked "Oh, no, Mrs. Brinytear, it baked so slow it is scarcely fit to eat," Arabella exclaimed: "That's what papa says. He says Miss Goodcock's cakes would make dood cat poison." There is a north pole between the Goodcocks and Brinytears now, but Arabella has discovered a very torrid slipper.—*Through Mail.*

#### About a Baron.

"Yes," said Mrs. Parvenu, with a wad of pride in her voice as big as a chew of fine cut, "my daughter is to be married at an early day."

"To a titled German, I believe?" queried the friend to whom she was talking.

"Yes, a German baron."

"Ah? A baron? What is his name?"

"The Baron of—Baron of—Pshaw, it's funny I can't remember his name. My dear," she said, turning to her husband, a gruff old chap behind a newspaper, "what is our new son-in-law's title? He's a baron of something, but I cannot recall it."

"Don't know," he growled. "Barren of Funds, I reckon."—*Merchant-Traveler.*

#### Almost a Native.

"Are you a native of the State?" asked the judge of the United States court, addressing a fat man who had been summoned to testify in a case of illicit distilling.

"Mostly, judge."

"I mean, were you born in this State?"

"I understand. I wasn't born here, but I am mighty nigh a native."

"Come here when you were quite young, I suppose?"

"No, sir, ain't been here but about ten year."

"How old are you?"

"Fifty."

"Then how is it that you are very nearly a native of the State?"

"Well, when I came here I only weighed about a hundred pounds. Now I weigh two forty, so you see one hundred and forty pounds of me are native, while only one hundred pounds come from Missouri."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

#### Her Economy.

One of those little dodges resorted to for "raising the wind" by members of that great and increasing class who hang upon the edges of trampdom and respectfully but firmly decline to work or pursue any honest calling, is illustrated in the following incident, which actually occurred in the suburbs of this city within a fortnight. A husband returning home at evening, was met at the door by his wife, who, after the usual salutations, said:

"Oh, George, I have something to show you."

"What is it?"

"Never mind, but come and see it."

She preceded him into the cosy little parlor and pointed triumphantly to a white, woven strip, about six inches in length, lying in the place of honor on the center table.

"Look," she said; "what do you suppose that is, George dear?" and her voice assumed the gentle tones of one about to communicate a pleasant surprise.

"That," rejoined George, approaching the table to inspect the article, "that, to me, Susan, looks fearfully and wonderfully like a common piece of lamp wicking."

"Ha, ha, I knew you'd say that. You men are so stupid. It is a lamp wick, true, but not a common one. It is one of the greatest inventions of the age. It is an electric lamp wick, George. I know from the man from whom I bought it; and he was a very nice looking man, too, well dressed, and such a talker; told me about how it came to be invented, and how Professor Somebody of something spent years of his life in experimenting, and died just as he got it perfected. All you have to do is to fill your lamp with oil, put in the wick and light it. After a few days an incrustation forms on the outside, crystallized electricity he called it, and the lamp will burn six months without refilling. There's one in the lamp now. Don't you see it gives a brighter light?"

George looked stupefied. He looked at the wick reposing in quiet dignity on the table as if fully conscious it was master of the situation; at the burning lamp, which gave forth a brilliant, steady light, and at Susan herself, in whose eyes rested the unmistakable assurance of victory, and involuntarily ejaculated: "Maybe there's something in it. How many of them did you buy?"

"Only three, dear, at a quarter apiece. Think of the saving, George. Why I could buy a new cloak next winter from the money that would have been wasted in coal oil."

George waited and his wife waited to see what would come of the investment, when the electrical crust had formed on the wick. The next night, sure enough, there was the lamp as full as ever, and shedding as good a light. On the third

and fourth evenings it was the same. The wick was examined, but showed no signs of the process of incrustation having begun. The wife explained that it might be a week or ten days before this happened. George scratched his head, and was on the point of surrendering, when a bright idea occurred to him. He called the servant. "Betty, do you always fill the parlor lamp?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you fill it on Monday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tuesday?"

"Yes, sir."

(Wife, frantically)—"Wednesday and Thursday?"

"Yes, mam."

There was a moment of agonizing suspense, and then the economical little lady sat down on a chair in one corner of the room and began crying softly to herself. It was not so much the expense. It was plain to her now that one couldn't believe in the horrid, deceitful men. When the enterprising agent calls on her now she unchains the dog and sends for the nearest policeman. Thus do the innocent suffer for the guilty.—*St. Louis Republican.*

#### A Man With Three Legs.

In a Boston hotel recently a Bavarian, thirty three years of age, named George Lippert, presented himself for examination and inspection to a number of physicians and surgeons. Mr. Lippert, says the Boston Herald, is known and accurately described as the "three-legged man." He has two legs which reach the ground and one that is turned up behind him, the latter originally placed in that position by Mr. Lippert himself, who was sensitive about his deformity and desired to conceal it. In fact, he does conceal it so well that its presence can not be guessed as he walks along the street. His left leg is perfect, except that it has six toes. Where the right leg should be there are two legs growing side by side and covered by the same skin as far as the knee, or very near that point. There are two thigh bones, two ball and socket joints and different sets of muscles, and the motion of one leg is entirely independent of the other. Each of these legs, which may be called the second and third legs, has a separate knee-joint, and from the knee they are entirely separate from each other. The second leg below the knee has but one bone, and this ends in a bony knob with three toes attached to it. It is this leg that he uses in walking, the termination protected by a padded cup made to fit it. The third leg has all the bones and muscles to be found in the leg of any ordinary man, but at the foot is twisted in a most extraordinary manner. On this foot there are six toes, which all move as Mr. Lippert wills. This leg, though not the one used in walking, is, nevertheless, the proper right leg. Until Mr. Lippert was sixteen years of age he used all three legs in walking, and each had its own independent motion, but he could not stand the remarks his appearance drew forth, and the older he became the more sensitive he grew, and finally he strapped the outside leg up behind him in such a way that it could not be remarked. He naturally thought the outside leg was the superfluous one, when in reality the extra one was in the center. Tightly strapped up in the way described, the muscles became rigid and contracted in such a way that it is impossible now to straighten this leg. Another singular thing about this third leg is that the toe-nails grow under the foot and not as in a perfect foot. Mr. Lippert has three brothers and three sisters, all perfectly formed; his father and mother are in no way remarkable, and there is no record in his family of the birth of twins. He is another living illustration of the peculiar method in which nature sometimes works, and no theory yet advanced satisfactorily accounts for his strange deformity. Finding his extra leg a serious inconvenience to him in nearly all the walks of life, he finally overcame his modesty and consented to exhibit himself.

#### The Glaciers of Alaska.

A Sitka letter to the New York Evening Post says that there are altogether some six hundred glaciers in Alaska, varying in size, but in nearly every case having dimensions far greater than any in Switzerland. Those extending down from the Fairweather group and from the lesser heights guarding the bay on the north and south, and which drop portions of their immense bulk into the deep waters of the inlet, number six in all. The largest of these is the Muir glacier, explored and measured first by John Muir, who was guided to it by Indians. It is fifty miles or more in length, and where it touches the bay is three miles wide, and has a solid height above the water of 200 feet, which pinnacles of spire like design rising fifty and 100 feet above the more solid mass. Underneath the immense cakes and blocks of snow and ice constituting the glacier, which are piled together in the wildest and most disorderly manner runs a living stream of water, coursing through its hidden passage with a rumble as of a thousand carts. Escaping from the ice at last the river boils upward from the glacier front, then mingles with the waters of the bay, and flows off toward the outer sea. The constant war of this sunless stream, acting with other causes, forces particles of the glacier to break away from the main body, and as they fall a roar like the sound of a cannon, wakes the echoes of the place, and columns of water leap upward, against the frozen cliff, until it is drenched with spray. During the summer months, when there is more general warmth, the glacier is eaten away for a distance of half a mile, but later in the season the ever moving mass regains the distance lost and appears in springtime again as long and high as ever. During the summer the bay is filled with the fragments that have fallen, for they rise after sinking and go floating away like icebergs from the Polar sea. Many of them measure a hundred feet in height, and appear to be islands of richly colored ice and snow. Many are flat and square, but others are covered with towers and castles, and have deep caves within them, filled with a light green or deep blue hue so peculiar to bodies of thick ice. Sailing among these bergs and with Fairweather on the one side and the glacier on the other, and feeling the chill air which all this crystals, one may easily imagine himself among the ever frozen barriers of the distant North.

## A MILLIONAIRE'S GRIEF.

### HOW THE STANFORDS' MOURN THE LOSS OF THEIR BOY.

#### Extraordinary Manifestations of Sorrow by a Pacific Coast Family—A Unique Funeral Address.

A recent letter from San Francisco to the New York Sun, says: The magnitude of the Stanfords' grief over the death of their son Leland, Jr., has never been equalled on this coast. The performances of the family and their friends are the theme of talk in every circle. The great wealth of the Stanfords has attracted to them in this hour of affliction all the toadies west of the Rocky mountains and some from the East. Their grief has not been permitted to slumber for an instant. Somebody who has had an ax to grind has been ever at hand with a sonnet, an ode, a dirge, a song, a sermon, or an oration. Silly women who never saw the lad have written and called to testify to the family the esteem in which they held the boy and to dilate upon his qualities. Portrait painters, monument builders, dealers in memorial windows, writers and poets, preachers and politicians, photographers, boys who hypocritically pretend to have been impressed by young Stanford's life, and scores of others, have made money out of the family woe.

Leland Stanford, Jr., was an amiable boy, not particularly smart or handsome, whose death was noticeable because of his prospective earthly riches and the natural sorrow of his parents. The boy was never strong, and during the greater part of his life was under the tutelage of a maid. While in Rome last March he died, and as soon as his parents could get to him elaborate public services were held in that city. Enormous crowds attended, because it became noised about that an American Cressus was in affliction. Proceeding across the continent and channel to England, further services were held in Liverpool before sailing for America, and once in New York the remains were laid in a vault for several months until preparations were complete for their interment here. While tarrying in the metropolis monthly services were held over the remains. On the journey across the continent a special train was used, and the cars and locomotives were almost buried in crape.

As soon after their arrival here as possible, the train was sent on to Stanford's country seat at Menlo Park, where a magnificent vault had been erected, into which the remains were put. The vault is a vast and massive structure, made entirely of stone and iron. Its interior is as magnificent as an oriental palace. The walls are entirely covered with purple velvet embossed with gold, and the draperies are rich beyond description, consisting of the costliest fabrics and the heaviest bullion. The vault is connected with the mansion and the servants' quarters by electric wires, and one or more armed watchmen are continually on guard in front of its ponderous gates.

But the performance which has made the most talk and subjected the afflicted family to the most criticism is that which took place in Grace Episcopal church under the guise of funeral services, at which the Rev. J. P. Newman, recently of New York, was the principal speaker. The services were thoroughly advertised all through the city, and naturally enough the crowd that assembled at the church was much larger than could get within the edifice. The floral decorations were of the most gorgeous description. The chancel was converted into a floral chapel, and all through the church there were elaborate pieces made of the costliest flowers to be had in America. Not less than \$20,000 was expended for flowers for this occasion alone.

Dr. Newman made a long address, intended principally to flatter the parents, which sounded like the rhapsodies of a court chaplain over the remains of a departed prince. His address is now in circulation here as a curiosity, and it is everywhere pronounced the most fulsome ever delivered in the Western hemisphere. No funeral oration over Washington, Jefferson, Adams, or Lincoln contains a tithe of the praise lavished upon this poor boy, whose only achievement was to die. Newman found that he had the wisdom and philosophy of a Bacon, the keen foresight and penetration of a Richelieu, the beauty of Apollo Belvidere, the artistic taste of Michael Angelo, the eye of an angel, the forehead of a god, the mental promise of a Hamilton, the eloquence of a Pitt, the philanthropy of a Peabody, the tenderness of a Pascal, and the studiousness of a Gibbon; and he predicted that for generations to come the youth of the country, recognizing in Leland Stanford, Jr., a savior, would visit his tomb for inspiration, and his example would be as a beacon light to all the nations. It is said around town that General Grant's old pastor received \$10,000 for this precious discourse.

The services just held here were the fifth celebrated over the remains. It is the intention of the family to have a grand memorial in March on the anniversary of the lad's death, and thereafter the day will be commemorated each year. Mr. Stanford already has several benevolent projects on foot which will be carried out in the name of his son, and Mrs. Stanford has given liberally to many charitable institutions in his name.

#### At His Old Game.

"I am invited out to a 'tag' supper, Maria," said Mr. Jones the other evening. "You needn't sit up for me."

"Well, don't eat too much venison, Jephtha," suggested Mrs. Jones.

"Venison?" queried Jones. "Oh—ah—hem. I see. No dear, I won't."

"At midnight Jones came staggering home singing loudly:

"I'll chase the antelope over the plain."

"No you won't," said his wife, as she met him at the door. Murder was in her eye and a night lamp in her hand.

"Maria," he hiccupped, "don't scold, buck-cause I've taken a born too much. I'll n-e-v-e-r do it again."

At this point the door slammed to.—*Free Press.*

There are eight lawyers in Philadelphia who have been in practice over fifty years.

A residence of sheet iron is being erected in Sherman, Texas.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Some French scientists now regard the zodiacal light as simply a reflection of light from the illuminated part of the earth upon an open stratum of the atmosphere.

In Paris, an electric lamp fed with a portable accumulator has been selected and rendered obligatory for use in seeking leaks in gas pipes. It is probable that many disastrous explosions will be thus avoided.

Paper bottles now made in France are built from sheets rolled together, cemented with albumen, lime and alum. They are impervious to water and alcohol, and hence are reckoned specially valuable for travelers' use.

A considerable industry has grown up in San Francisco manufacturing the petrified wood which is found along the Atlantic and Pacific railroad in the Rocky mountain region. It receives a high polish, and mantels, tiles and a variety of things are made from it.

A device for keeping grain and other uncertain kinds of cargo from shifting has been patented by a firm in New Orleans, and promises to prove cheap, simple and in every way desirable. The ship is divided into longitudinal compartments, secured by rods from side to side of the vessel; and different kinds of grain, without using bagging, may be completely separated from each other by dividing the compartments longitudinally by sections into such space as may be desired.

Professor Huxley lends scant countenance to what has been called by our English brethren the "mackerel scare." In a letter he says: "It is quite true that mackerel, like other fish, are more or less infected by parasites, one of which, a small thread worm, is often so abundant as to be conspicuous when the fish is opened. But it is not true that there is any reason to believe that this thread worm would be injurious to a man even if swallowed uncooked and alive, and to speak of it as a possible cause of cholera is sheer nonsense."

The parasitic worms living within or on the outside of other animals generally have a sucker at one end, or underneath, serving simply for attachment, and another which is perforated. The latter is a true suctorial mouth, being the sole inlet of food. It is often surrounded with hooklets, or teeth, which serve both to scarify the victim and secure a firm hold. In the leech the mouth is a triangular opening with thick lips, the upper one prolonged, and with three jaws. In many worms it is a fleshy tube, which can be drawn in or extended, like the eye-stalks of the snail, and contains a dental apparatus inside.

A remarkable worm known to the natives of the Fiji islands by the name of "Mbalofo" and to naturalists as *Asabolo virides*—is found in certain of the coral Archipelagos of the Pacific. The worms appear periodically in great numbers, and are highly esteemed by the Fijians as an article of food. The worms only make their appearance to spawn, and the time is reported to be the day of the last quartering of the moon in October, unless that falls at the beginning of the month, in which case there will intervene another lunar month. There is, however, a second appearance of *Asabolo* each year, occurring a month after the first, and probably comprising such worms as were not sufficiently mature to spawn in October.

A German investigator, H. R. Goppert, has made some experiments to determine whether, as had been previously stated, plants, bulbs and roots are killed by sudden thawing, and not by the preceding freezing. He submitted potatoes and the bulbs of hyacinths, narcissus, etc., to a temperature of about three degrees below freezing, and then suddenly to fifteen degrees below freezing. This killed all the bulbs, whether they were afterward thawed either slowly or rapidly, but none of the bulbs were damaged by exposure simply to three degrees below freezing, the potatoes only being frozen. Certain flowers which were tried were killed directly when frozen, and could not be revived by gradual thawing. The buds of some woody plants bore a temperature of zero, or a few degrees below, and subsequent thawing at seventy-seven degrees without injury.

#### Death of an Entire Royal Household.

The tragic death is reported of the King of Falaba, a province of West Africa, together with the whole royal family and some of his principal followers. It appears that the Mohammedans made an attack upon the Falaba country. The invaders reached the capital, and King Sawab, finding that the force at his command was unable to keep out the enemies, called together all the royal family, as well as his principal officers. The parties met in a large house, where was stored a quantity of gunpowder. Sawab explained to his followers that he was unable to hold out against the intruders, and that in a short time his country would be in the hands of the enemy. The king, in a speech, said Falaba was an ancient country, up to that time unconquered. It has been ruled but never had been ruled. He said he would never submit to Mohammedanism, although any of his hearers could do so if they chose. All replied that they would rather die than become Mohammedans. The king then threw a lighted torch in the gunpowder, instantly an explosion took place and all in the building were killed.

#### A Talking Crow.

General Hampton tells me that while on his Mississippi plantation he saw a lame crow that could laugh and talk. The bird would say "Hello!" "How are you?" and several other things of like import. It was the most wonderful raven since the days of Barnaby Rudge and Edgar Poe. One morning a vast number of crows assembled in a tree on the plantation and prepared for a pow-wow. The lame bird flew among them, and, rearing up, saluted the congregation with a shriek "Hello! How are you?" His astonished brethren scattered in alarm, as if they had been fired upon from a mountain howitzer. This marvelous fowl of the air was to have been sent to the New Orleans exposition, but its sudden disappearance prevented. General Hampton surmises that some negro shot him by mistake.—*Philadelphia Press.*

## [FAC-SIMILE OF TYPE-WRITER LETTER.]

### TO THE PUBLIC, GREETING:

Boards of Health are now everywhere correcting the faults of sewerage and advising the people how to prevent future epidemics.

But other precautions are necessary, without which no amount of Sanitation can avail. Dr. Koch says that cholera has but little chance among those who keep the digestive organs and the liver, skin and kidneys (the sewers of the body) in healthful operation.

Warner's SAFE Remedies are the best scientific Curatives and Preventives, and we cannot too much emphasize the importance of using them now, as a safeguard against any future scourge.

Much of the common ailments are caused, not primarily by bad blood, but by IMPAIRED LIVER AND KIDNEYS. This results in blood corruption and injury to the entire system. Remove this impaired action, and most ordinary ailments will disappear. Other practitioners have held that extreme liver and kidney disorders are incurable. We, however, by the severest tests, have unanswerably proved the contrary. Please note:

FIRST.—WE DO NOT CURE EVERY KNOWN DISEASE FROM ONE BOTTLE. Warner's Safe Remedies are specifics, which have been successively put upon the market ONLY IN OBEDIENCE TO STRONG PUBLIC DEMAND. These remedies are: Warner's SAFE Cure, for kidney, liver, bladder and blood disorders, General debility, Impotency, gravel, female irregularities; Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure, for Diabetes—the only known specific; Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia; Warner's Safe Pills for constipation, diarrhoea, biliousness; Warner's Safe Nervine for nervous disorders; Warner's Safe Throatine for Asthma, catarrh; Warner's Tippecanoe for all stomach derangements.

SECOND.—Warner's Safe Remedies, spite of all opposition, have won the victory and are everywhere recognized as leading STANDARDS.

THIRD.—After six years of unequalled experience, we give these unqualified guarantees:

GUARANTEE I.—That Warner's Safe Remedies are pure, harmless, effective.

GUARANTEE II.—That the Testimonials used by us, so far as we know, are bona fide, with a forfeit of \$5,000 for proof to the contrary.

GUARANTEE III.—That Warner's Safe Remedies are NOT MERELY TEMPORARY, BUT PERMANENT, IN THEIR CURATIVE EFFECTS AND WILL SUSTAIN EVERY CLAIM, IF USED SUFFICIENTLY AND PRECISELY AS DIRECTED.

FOURTH.—Special inquiry among hundreds of our oldest patients results in unequivocal testimony that the cures wrought six, five, four and three years ago, were PERMANENT. And most of these Patients were pronounced INCURABLE when they began Warner's Safe Remedies. Read a few of Thousands of examples:

REV. JAS. ERWIN, Methodist minister.

West Eaton, N. Y., was long and seriously ill with inflammation of the prostate gland (a very obstinate disorder). In 1881 he began the use of Warner's SAFE Cure and June 25th, 1884, wrote, "The relief obtained two years ago is permanent."

JNO. L. CLARK, M. D., Waterloo, N. Y., in 1881 was prostrated with Bright's disease, crick on the back, rheumatism and malaria. From the latter he had suffered for fifteen years without help. In July, 1884, he says: "Warner's SAFE Cure cured me in 1881, and I am now sound and well."

S. F. HESS, Rochester, N. Y., tobacco manufacturer, three years ago took twenty-five bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure for liver disorder and August 20th, 1884, he reported "I consider myself fully cured wholly through Warner's SAFE Cure."

MRS. C. F. BOSHEN, 67, 5th street, Troy, N. Y., in 1881 was taken with rheumatism and malaria. Her digestive power was destroyed and eventually extreme kidney disorder overtook her. Her bowels were partially paralyzed; her heart throbbed violently and convulsions were frequent. She used six dozen bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure and SAFE Pills and Oct. 27th, 1884, wrote "We gladly bear testimony to the worth of Warner's SAFE Remedies."

N. B. SMILEY, Esq., of Bradford, Pa., in 1882, was very seriously sick of extreme kidney disorder and rheumatism, which gradually grew worse. Physicians being unable to assist him, his last resort was Warner's SAFE Cure, and June 25th, 1884, he wrote, "My health is better than for two years past, and in some respects is better than it has been for five years. The relief I believe is permanent."

A. WAY, Navarino, N. Y., in 1879, was afflicted with neuralgia, ringing sensation in his ears, hacking cough, pain in the back, irregular urination, dropsy, nausea, and spasms of acute pain in the back. Then came chills and fever. The doctors gave him up, but after using 22 bottles of Warner's SAFE Cure, he said, "I am hale, hearty and happy." On June 29th, 1884, he writes, "My health was never better. I owe my existence to Warner's SAFE Cure."

ROBERT GRAHAM, 77 Penn. Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., suffered for six years from inflammation of the bladder and stricture. Six physicians, specialists, gave him up to die. In 1883 he began Warner's SAFE Cure and its continued use, he says, effected a complete cure. June 25, 1884, he says, "My health continues good; have used no medicine since April, 1883."

FIFTH.—It is no small satisfaction to us to know that very many thousands of people owe their life and health to Warner's Safe Remedies.

Rochester, N. Y.,  
Jan. 1, 1885.

Wm. Warner & Co.

[EDITORIAL NOTE: The above is, we believe, the first fac-simile type-writer letter which has been used in public print, and it is certainly very striking.]

**LADIES' PILLS OF TANSY** are perfectly safe and always effectual. Sold everywhere. Wilcox, Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

**LEARN** Telegraphy or Short-Hand and Type Writing here. Students furnished. Address VALENTINE BROS., Jacksonville, Fla.

**R. U. AWARE** THAT **Loitard's Climax Pile** bearing a red tin top; that Loitard's Home Lotion fine out; that Loitard's Navy Clipper, and that Loitard's Balm, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

A book of 100 pages on a Courtship, sent free by the Union Pub. Co., Newark, N. J. Send stamps for post.

**FREE LOVE**



## NEW ORLEANS LETTER.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Jan. 9, 1885.

Interest in the exposition grows apace day by day. Those who come appreciate the fact that the management is doing all in its power to accelerate matters. The more one sees the more is realized the greatness of such an undertaking now nearing completion in every detail. There is little space in any department not occupied by exhibitors.

Live stock arrives by every train for the grand show in that line to be had here this season. Of the six large stables, capable of holding a thousand head, two are already filled with thoroughbreds. An elegant racetrack or drive has been graded half a mile in an oblong circle. It is located between the stables and government building.

Amusements are plenty in the city and on the outskirts. They are so diversified that the fancies of all can be suited as to styles and prices.

Excursions are coming into numerous display. They will probably continue all the season. Parties can go up or down the Mississippi daily at very reasonable charges. Railroads are doing a big passenger traffic now. Cars are so crowded as not only to necessitate additional ones but extra trains.

Owing to the fruit on exhibition spoiling so fast, it will be necessary for commissioners to have fresh cases from their respective states and territories every two months. However, it has been wonderfully preserved considering the recent wet weather.

Handkerchief making in main building seems to attract the visitor as much as any other branch of manufacturing. They are made of the finest silk and any style according to order.

Some of the oldest and wealthiest establishments of manufacturing in the world as well as similar houses of trade are represented at this Exposition.

The exhibitors on New Year presented Director General Burke with a handsome road cart, as an evidence of their esteem for that gallant gentleman.

Information from Philadelphia to the management of the Exposition assures that body the old liberty bell will be removed from its haunts in Independence Hall for New Orleans January 24, and will reach its destination on the 27th.

It is reported the steamer Great Eastern is on the ocean sailing hitherwards.

Let not your readers be frightened at the wild reports of high charges for living in this city. The writer called on Wolt & Moulton, 23 Carondelet street, who act as commissioners between the hotels, boarding houses and "rooms to let" people, and was informed that the average price paid by visitors for room and board was less than two dollars per day.

J. W. Ryckman, special commissioner, has written the following interesting letter in answer to questions regarding the Exposition:—

"In answer to many inquiries, as special commissioner to the World's Fair, I deem it expedient to submit to the press and the public a brief statement of sober fact concerning the general outlook. The exposition is rapidly assuming completion. By January 20, if no extraordinary obstacles are encountered, the grounds, buildings and exhibits will be in almost perfect condition, save in machinery hall. It is scarcely advisable to come here before that date. In a work of such phenomenal proportions, crowded within the limited time of twelve months, any thing like order on the day of formal opening was not expected. A very serious problem has been encountered that could only be met through the tireless vigilance, indomitable energy, and sagacious prudence of Director General Burke, viz.: with less means by two-thirds than were consumed in the preparation of the Philadelphia Centennial, the managers have been compelled to provide accommodation for the largest collection of home and foreign exhibits ever displayed at one time in the world. The main building presents such an agglomeration of industrial products from every quarter of the globe as will probably not be witnessed in America again for a quarter of a century. So much is shown in every branch of science, art, mechanics and manufactures that no man or woman can afford to remain away. If there were no more to see than the exhibits in the government building, it would be worth a trip round the world to examine them. All the departments at the national seat of government have forwarded and installed vast labyrinths of interesting and instructive objects. All the states and territories have sent rare collections of their resources in such abundance and diversity as to astonish even the best informed men. The foreign exhibits are wonderfully extensive and attractive. The beautiful Horticultural Hall is heavily stored with the rarest flora of the tropics. The Art Hall is about finished, and I'm assured the paintings, now here, will make an unusual array of foreign and native art. All the annexes are commodious and well filled. The grounds are charming. I have no hesitation in saying that in all material respects this will be the greatest exhibition ever held.

It is not surprising, therefore, that on the completion of their task the managers find themselves face to face with a shortage of \$300,000 in their requirements. They have made the funds at their disposal go a great way. That the amount has not been adequate is wholly the fault of the people, whose demands for space have necessitated the building of such enormous structures and the installation of such a gigantic system of exhibits. I am confident that in less than a week the deficit will be made up and the last drawback thus removed.

I am glad of the opportunity to testify to the excellent management, the untiring zeal, the fidelity to trust, the determined public spirit, the self sacrifice of every member of the board of managers. To Director General Burke the country owes a debt of gratitude. He has hazarded his life in a faithful discharge of the deep responsibility put upon him. To his patriotism, daring, perseverance and deep-seated love of country, more than to all else, the nation owes the consummation of this majestic achievement."

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37 Cornhill, Boston.  
Full Catalogue Free. Jan 10-17

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THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR WASHING AND BLEACHING  
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SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

**FROST & ADAMS,**  
37 Cornhill, Boston.  
Full Catalogue Free. Jan 10-17

LEXINGTON, Jan. 12, 1885.

MR. EDITOR:—

The unfortunate man who fell from his team and was killed instantly, Friday, Jan. 9th, on Middle street, near Mr. O'Brien's, was Thomas Gorman, teamster at the Caary Farm, Lexington. He was on his way from Cambridge with his load, and as it was dark, and he had been in the cold all day, it is thought that he became drowsy and lost his balance. The report that he was intoxicated was without foundation. Though he came to us a stranger not a year ago, he has by his quiet, gentlemanly, manly manner and strict adherence to duty, won the respect not only of his fellow workmen but of all with whom he came in contact and we regret that he should be taken from us in the very bloom of manhood. Deceased was thirty-two years old and leaves a widow. F. B.

### EAST LEXINGTON NOTES.

Mr. Buck preached last Sabbath from Acts 4:12. He commenced by saying: "Is it true that we cannot be saved by a name? Must the power of a name obscure saintliness of character and heroism in service? Can it supplant the eternal worth of the soul? The God of man is none other than the God of nature. The human soul is holy, being made in the likeness of God. A sermon, by very many, is considered Christless unless a mention of his name is often made. A name is often used as a personification; for example, 'Lord, hear me in the day of trouble.' The name of God is hallowed. In the general usage, a name is used as a symbol of the person whose deeds are described. When a man devotes his whole life to doing good, we associate with his name the hope and power of religion. To be in any degree in spiritual accord with Jesus, is to be above all selfishness and come into actual fellowship with his spotless life. When we pass down into the shadows of life and have burdens almost too heavy to bear, we must think of Jesus and his trials, and how bravely he met them. Whatever fellowship with Jesus comes in this way comes natural, real and true. It is spontaneous and sympathetic. It is perverted and destroyed by ceremonials and forms. A constant faith in God stands out sublimely on the gospel page. This faith stands out against the sins and follies of mankind and animism and insensibility in the realms of worship."

Mr. Fred Brown writes home this week that Tampa, Fla., is the place to grow strong every day and bid farewell to a cough. Perhaps some of his friends may not know the location of Tampa. It is situated in the western part of the State, on Tampa Bay. The steamers run from there to Key West, Havana and New Orleans. He says the South Florida railroad, which was completed last year, has put new life into the town, new stores and houses being built and two first-class hotels. This week they commenced to build a skating rink which will be set up on blocks, open underneath for the circulation of air. The soil is light sand and the streets very bad, being in some places four or five inches deep. There has been no rain since he came, but a heavy moisture at night keeps vegetation growing. Rainwater is used entirely for drinking purposes. While out gunning New Year day he came across a man picking strawberries and lent him his assistance, and this week they commence sending them to New York in refrigerator cars.

Mr. Bleeker and family moved last week from one of Mrs. Stone's houses into Boston, so now two of her tenements are to let.

## PATENTS

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We refer, here, to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State or County, write to  
C. A. SNOW & CO.,  
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.  
Dec-4.

## NEW FISH MARKET.

We would respectfully announce to the citizens of Arlington, and vicinity, that we have spared no expense in fitting up a new Fish Market in T. H. Russell's building where, by strict attention to business, we hope to merit a liberal share of your patronage.  
Respectfully,  
W. H. WEBBER & SON.  
24-pr-17

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LEXINGTON, Jan. 12, 1885.

# FOR 1885.

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AND THE  
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Many papers in the country are so extensively quoted by the press in general for its bright and humorous paragraphs as the *Chicago Daily News*. These are all reproduced in the WEEKLY NEWS. In its editorial expression the paper speaks from the standpoint of the INDEPENDENT journalist, thereby escaping the temptation to support or condone the questionable under the pressure of party allegiance. Mere partisan extremists will not like it; the fair-minded and thoughtful of all parties will appreciate and value its candid statements of facts and conclusions, all calculated to qualify the reader for the formation of his own intelligent opinion. The political events of the year to come promise to assume such a character that a thoroughly truthful and impartial record becomes all-important rather than a partisan one, colored and perverted to individual liking. In all its departments the CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS aims to present an enterprising, impartial and entertaining family newspaper of the very highest grade.

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When they Renew their Subscriptions.  
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L. A. Welch, Sullivan, O., says: "It is better than many of the \$2 papers."  
James P. Malone, 253 St. Charles street, New Orleans, La., says: "In comparing your paper with others I receive, I must say yours, the CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS, is good, better, best. I would sooner miss a meal than a number of the NEWS. It is the newspaper of the day. It is true to its name."  
Alfred P. Foster, Woodhull, Henry County, Ill., says: "It is one of the cleanest papers published."  
W. W. Rhodes, Adrian, Mich., says: "I don't want to miss a number. It is the best paper for news I have ever read."  
Peter Lansing, Estonia, Saunders County, Neb., says: "I like the NEWS. It is full of readable and valuable news, and although I am in receipt of nine weekly journals, I am constrained to adopt the NEWS as No. 10, because of its non-partisan attitude to politics, giving me the ungarbled truth concerning the actions of all political parties."  
M. E. Davenport, Palmyra, N. Y., says: "It is the cheapest and best paper I ever read."  
Mrs. L. Schuman, Hannibal, Mo., says: "I like your paper very much. I get six other papers, but do not like them as well as the WEEKLY NEWS."  
W. H. Law, Mansfield, Tex., says: "I am highly pleased with the NEWS, for I get politics presented in it in such a way that I get both sides of the question fairly set forth, which is utterly impossible to get in a strictly party journal of either side."

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